

A DELL  
10¢  
MAGAZINE

No. 57  
FOUR COLOR  
COMIC

# Fairy Tale

## PARADE

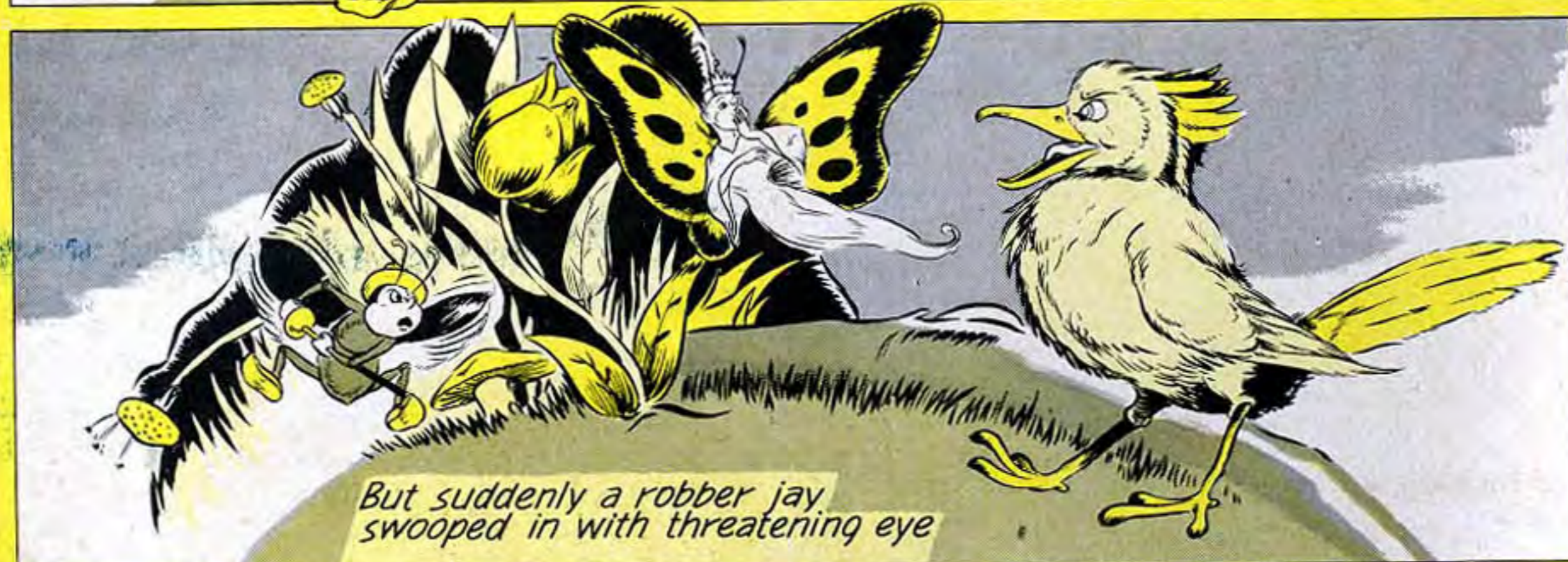




# WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM



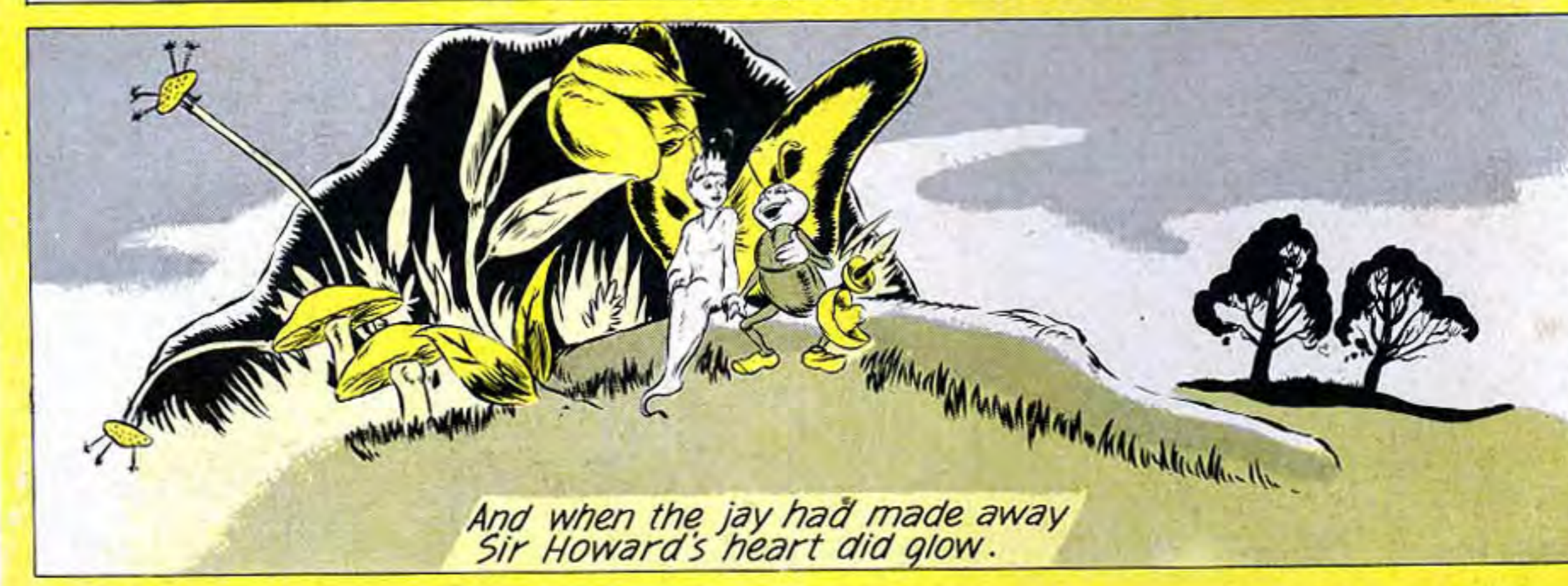
*Sir Howard Bug had lost his heart to lady butterfly*



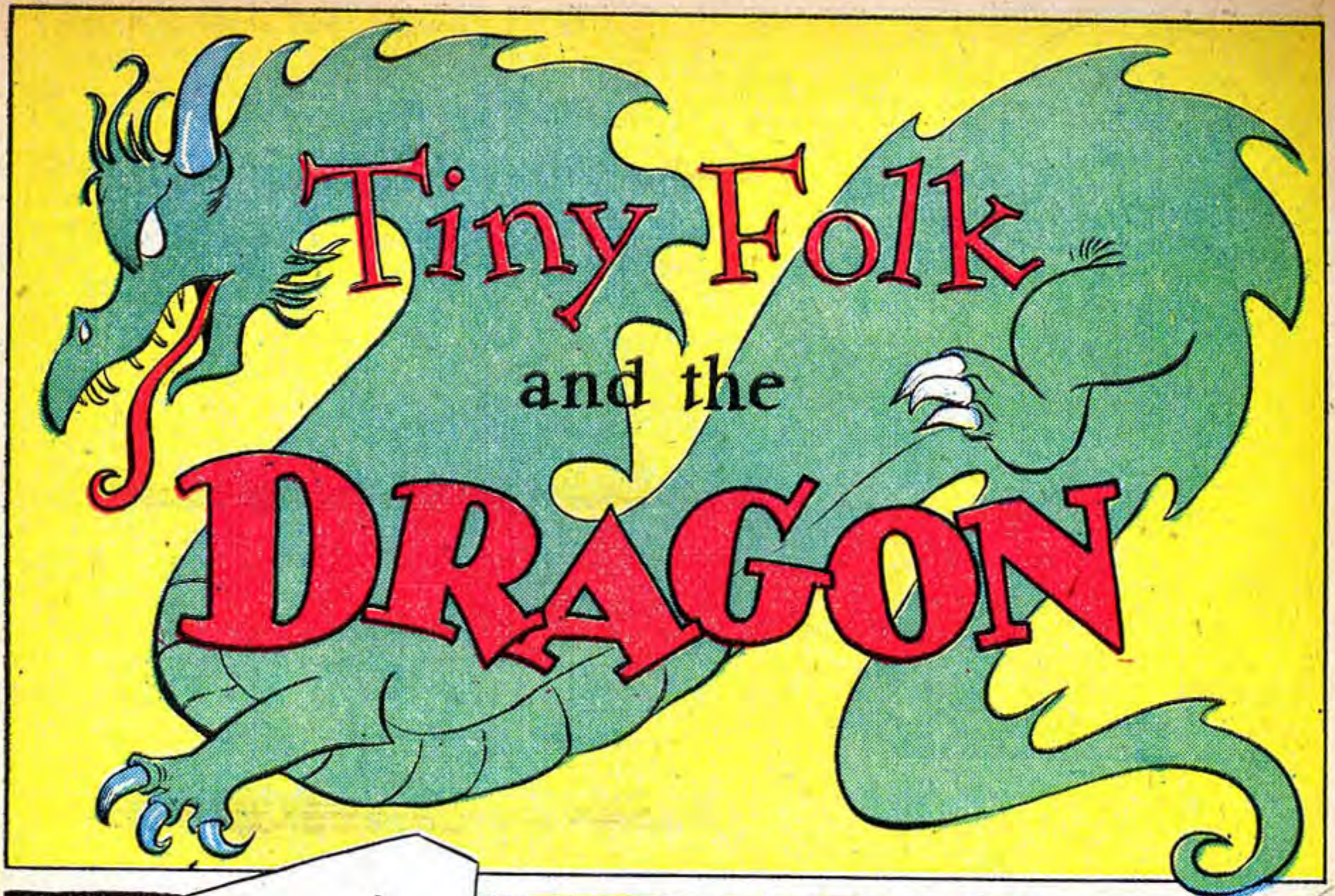
*But suddenly a robber jay swooped in with threatening eye*



*"I'll save you, mam," Sir Howard cried and dealt a stinging blow*



*And when the jay had made away Sir Howard's heart did glow.*



**I**n the forest of Long Ago Land two tiny folk were one day caught away from home when a terrible storm blew up.

Quick!  
We must find shelter!

We'll drown under here!

Look—yonder is a cave... If we run as fast as we can, we can make it.



Help! I slipped!

Be careful! Some of these puddles are over our heads.



Well, we're safe, at least.

Yes, but the rain's blowing in... We'd better move back in the cave.



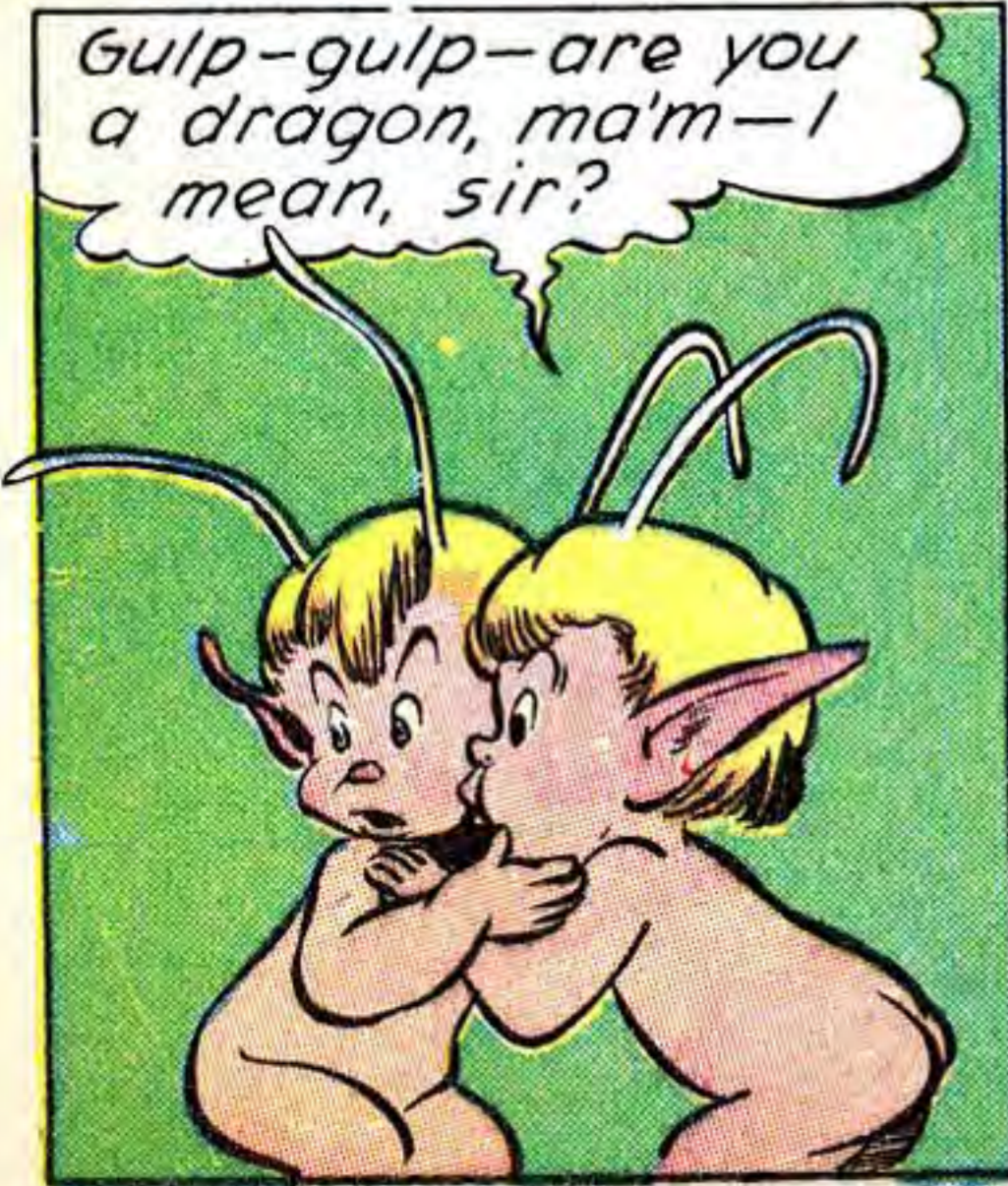
But-but, there might be things inside there!



Things?! What kind of things?



**A dragon** for instance!



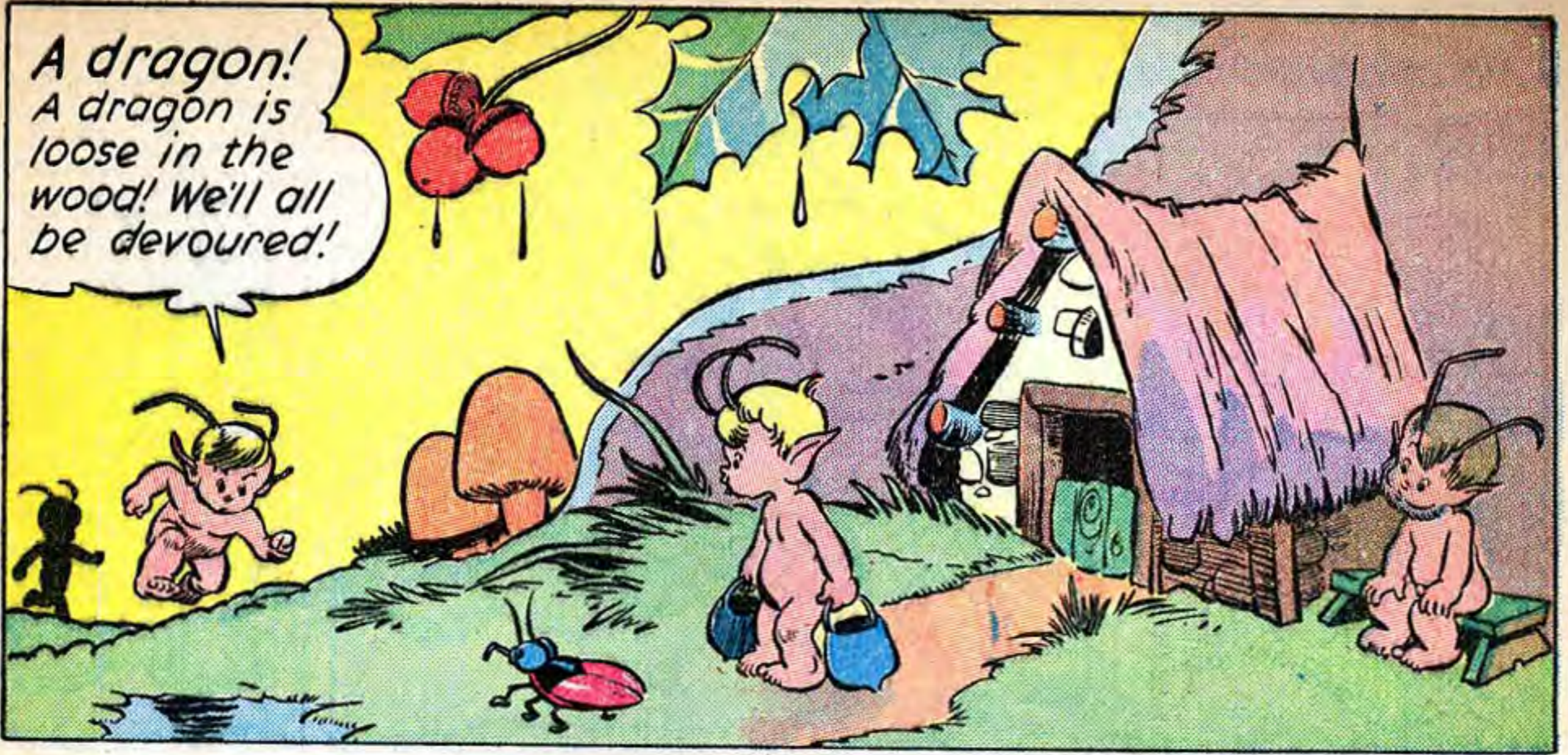
Gulp-gulp—are you a dragon, ma'm—I mean, sir?



**Yes!** and I'm hungry!

Yeow! This is no place for us—besides, the rain stopped!

A dragon!  
A dragon is  
loose in the  
wood! We'll all  
be devoured!

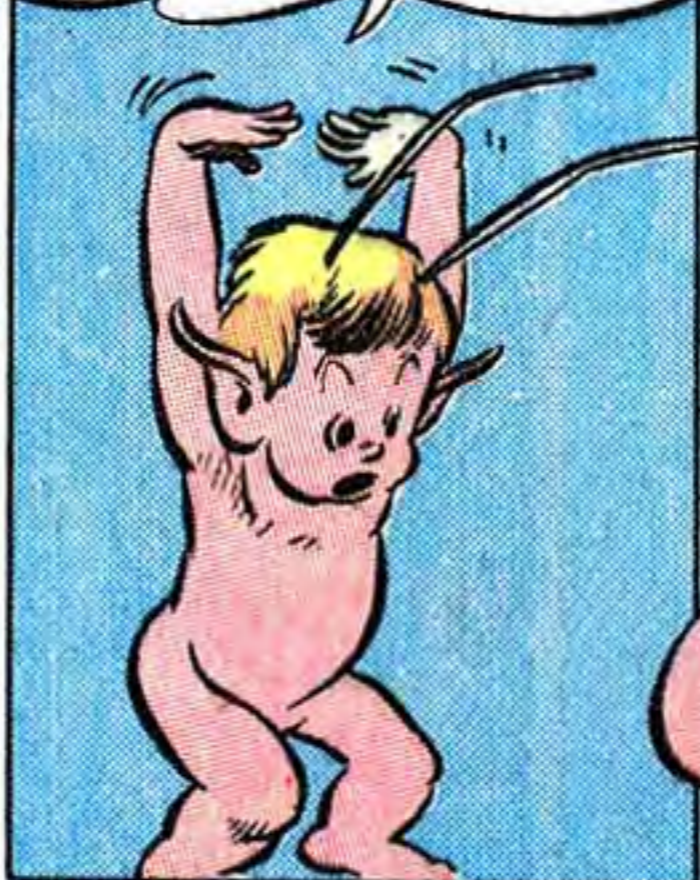


Now just a minute! Calm  
down! Where did you  
see the dragon? Is  
he very big?

He must be a mile  
high—and he has  
a terrible loud voice  
and he's hungry!

But  
where  
did you  
see him?

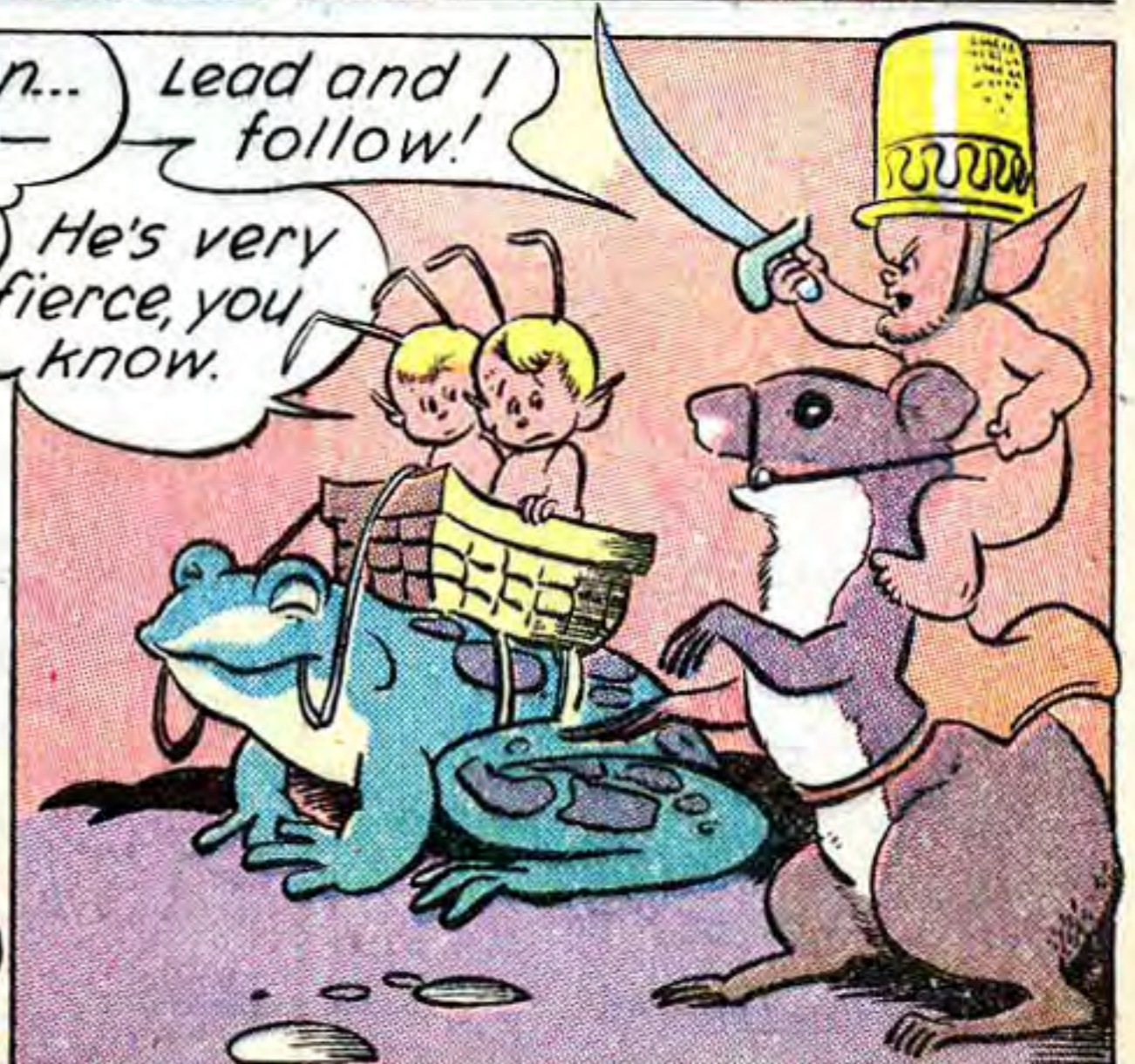
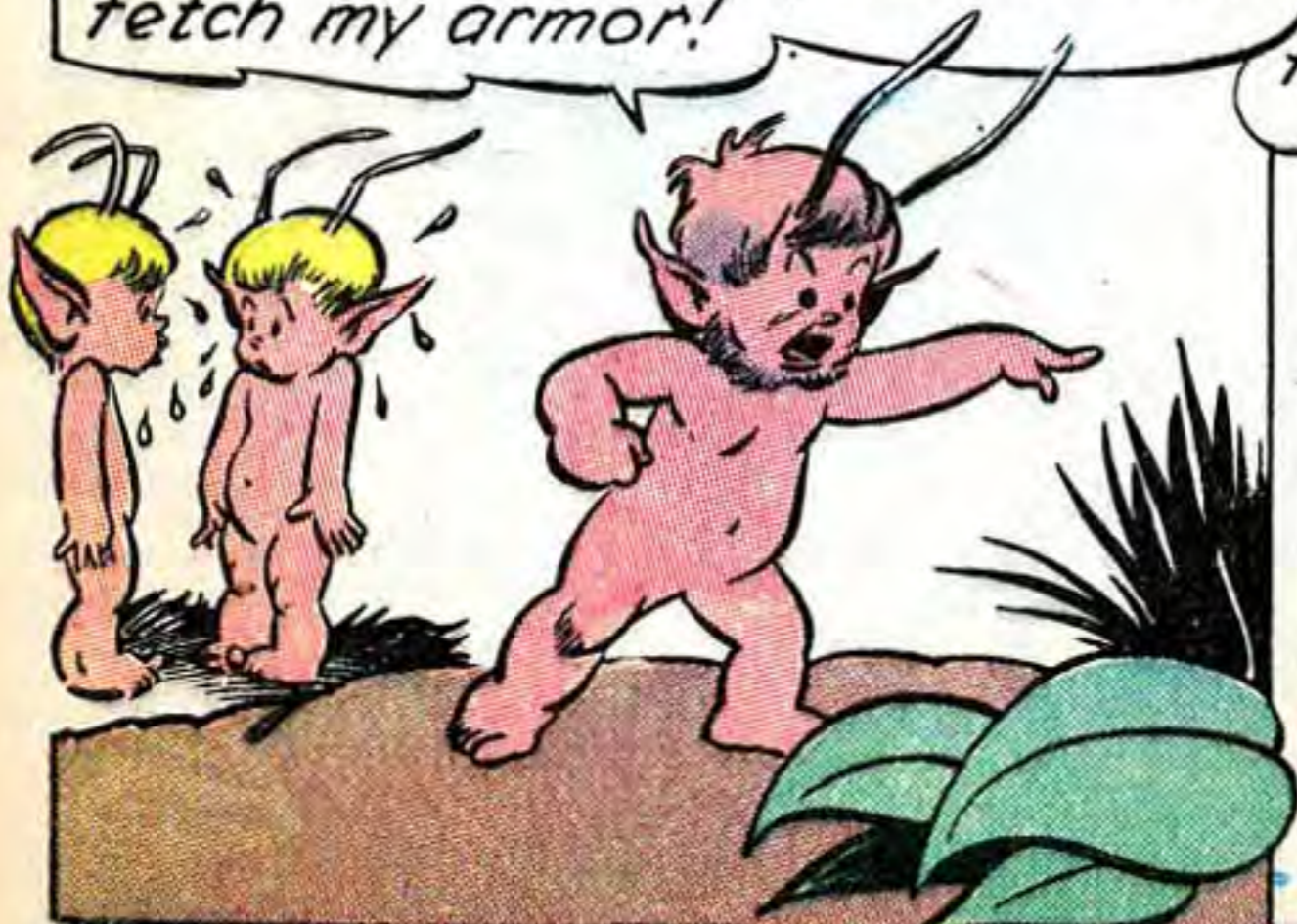
Oh, we didn't see  
him... He just  
roared at us  
from a cave and  
said he was  
a dragon.



That's not very accurate information...  
You'll have to lead me to the cave—  
ho, there, saddle my mouse and  
fetch my armor!

Lead and I  
follow!

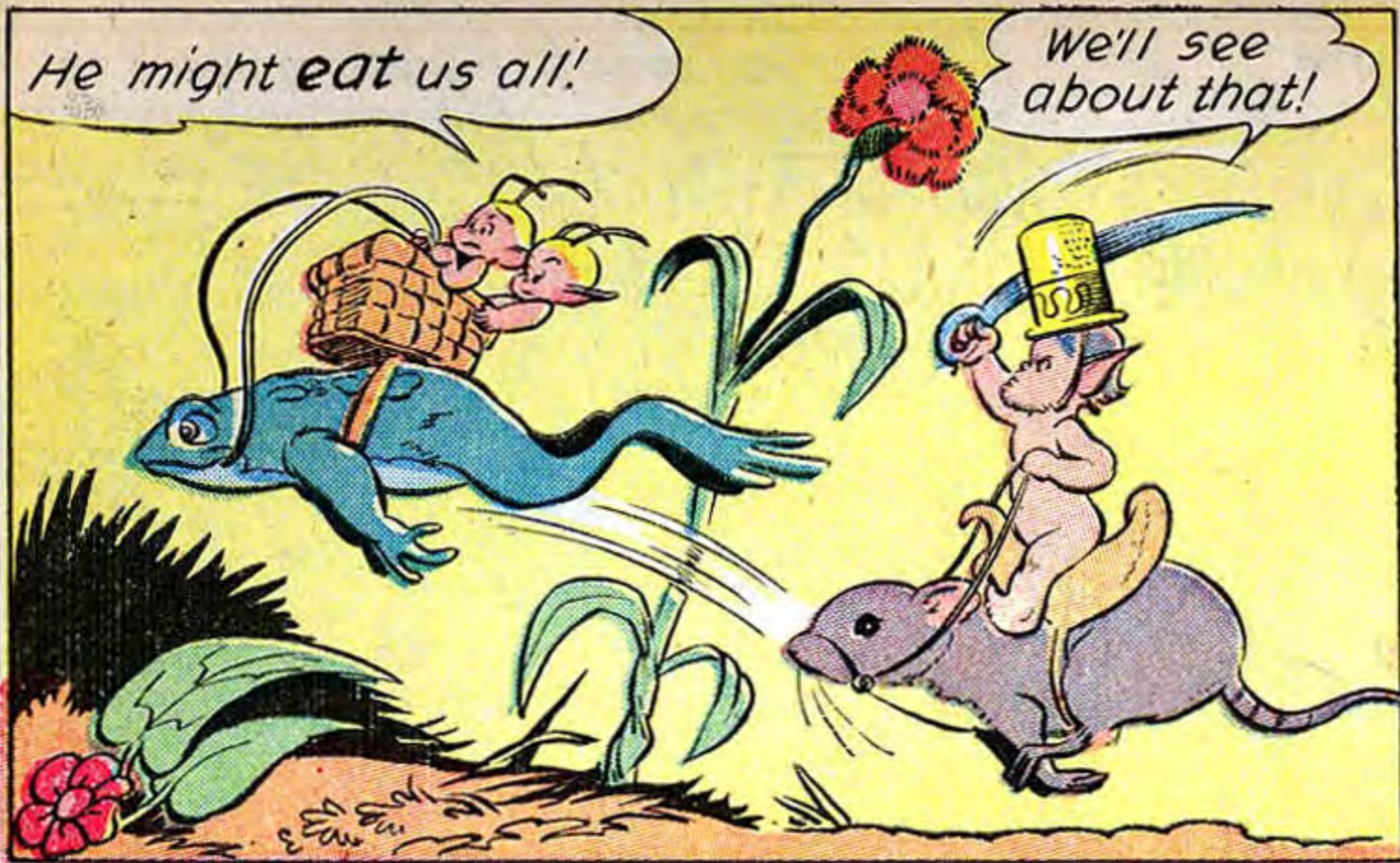
He's very  
fierce, you  
know.



He might eat us all!

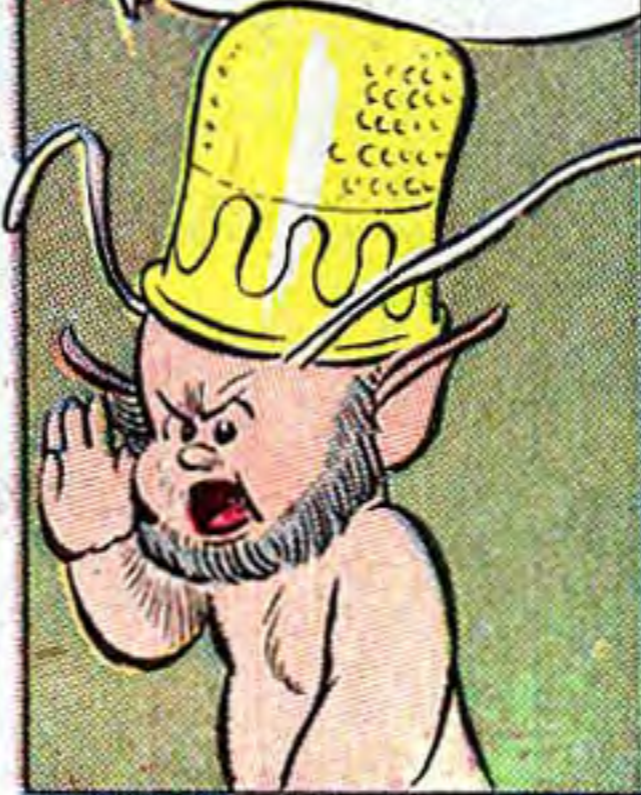
We'll see about that!

There's the place—now what?



I'll rout him out—  
**Ho! Dragon!**

Come out—and fight like a—a dragon—or else I'll come in and cut your head in two!



**Begone**  
before I  
tear you  
limb from  
limb!

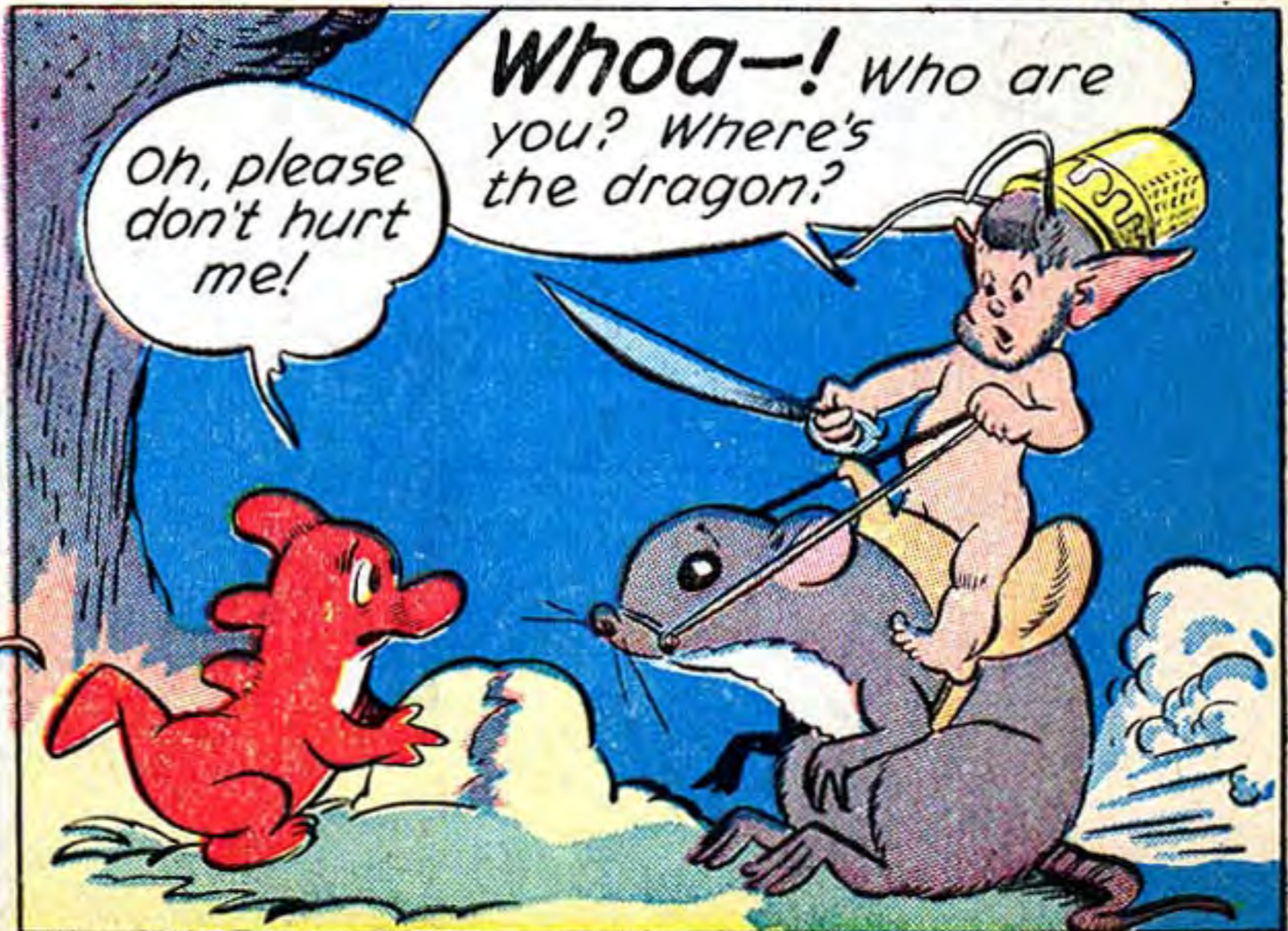


Here I come, dragon!



Oh, please don't hurt me!

**Whoa—!** Who are you? Where's the dragon?



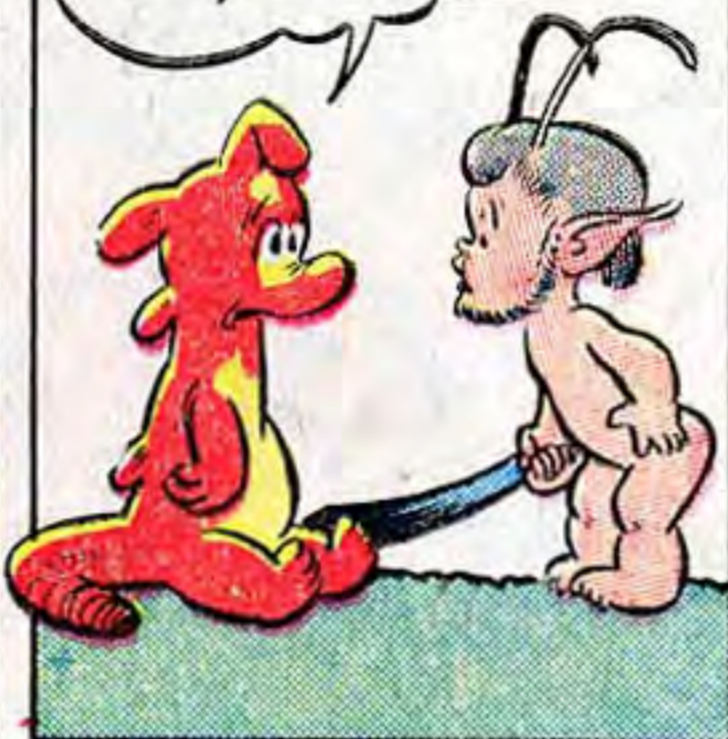
Right here—I'm the dragon.

You!



I thought you were a big fierce dragon!

No—I would like to be, but I never frighten anyone.



I'll never amount to anything, because I'm so little—it's very sad.

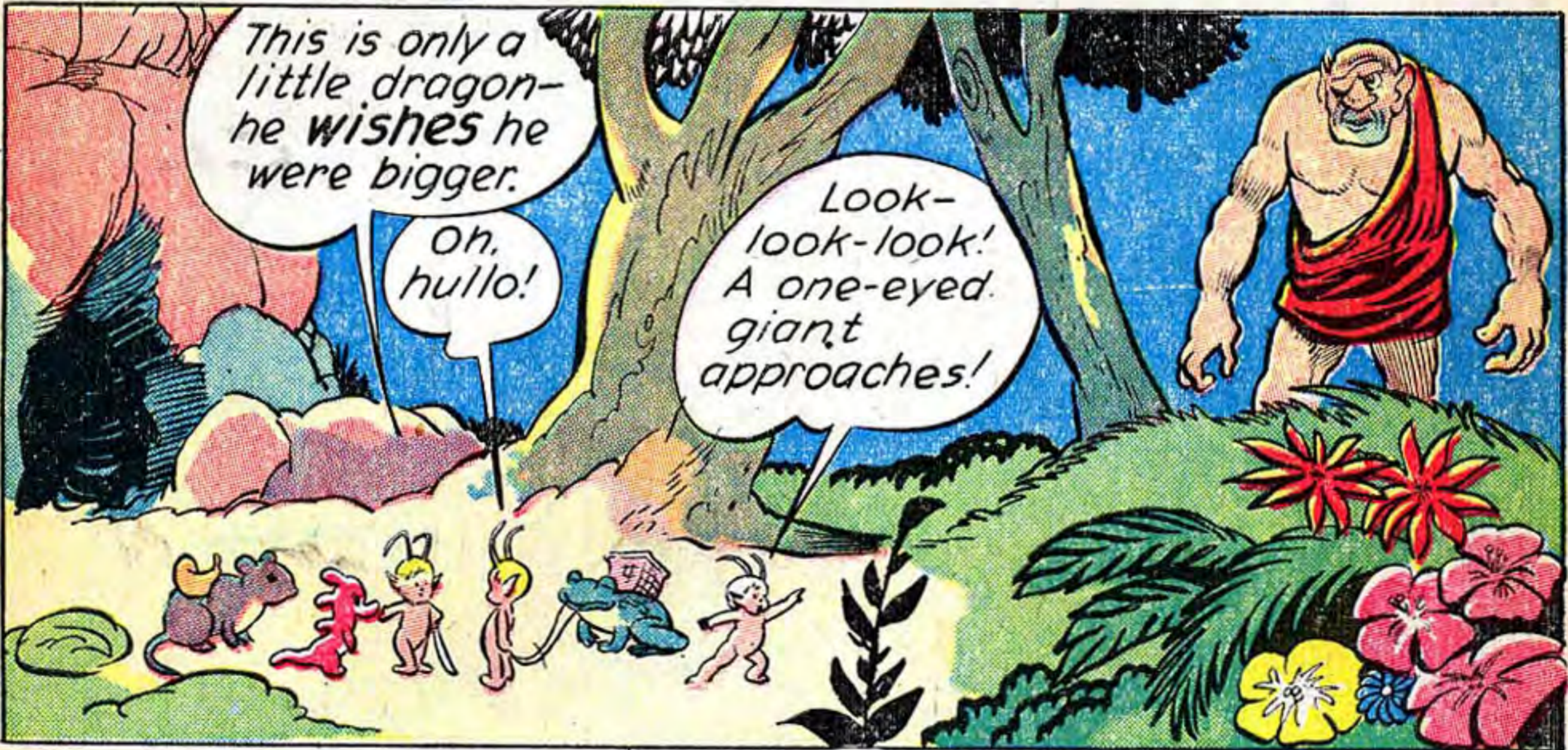
Never mind—come over and meet my friends.



This is only a little dragon—he wishes he were bigger.

Oh, hullo!

Look—look—look! A one-eyed giant approaches!



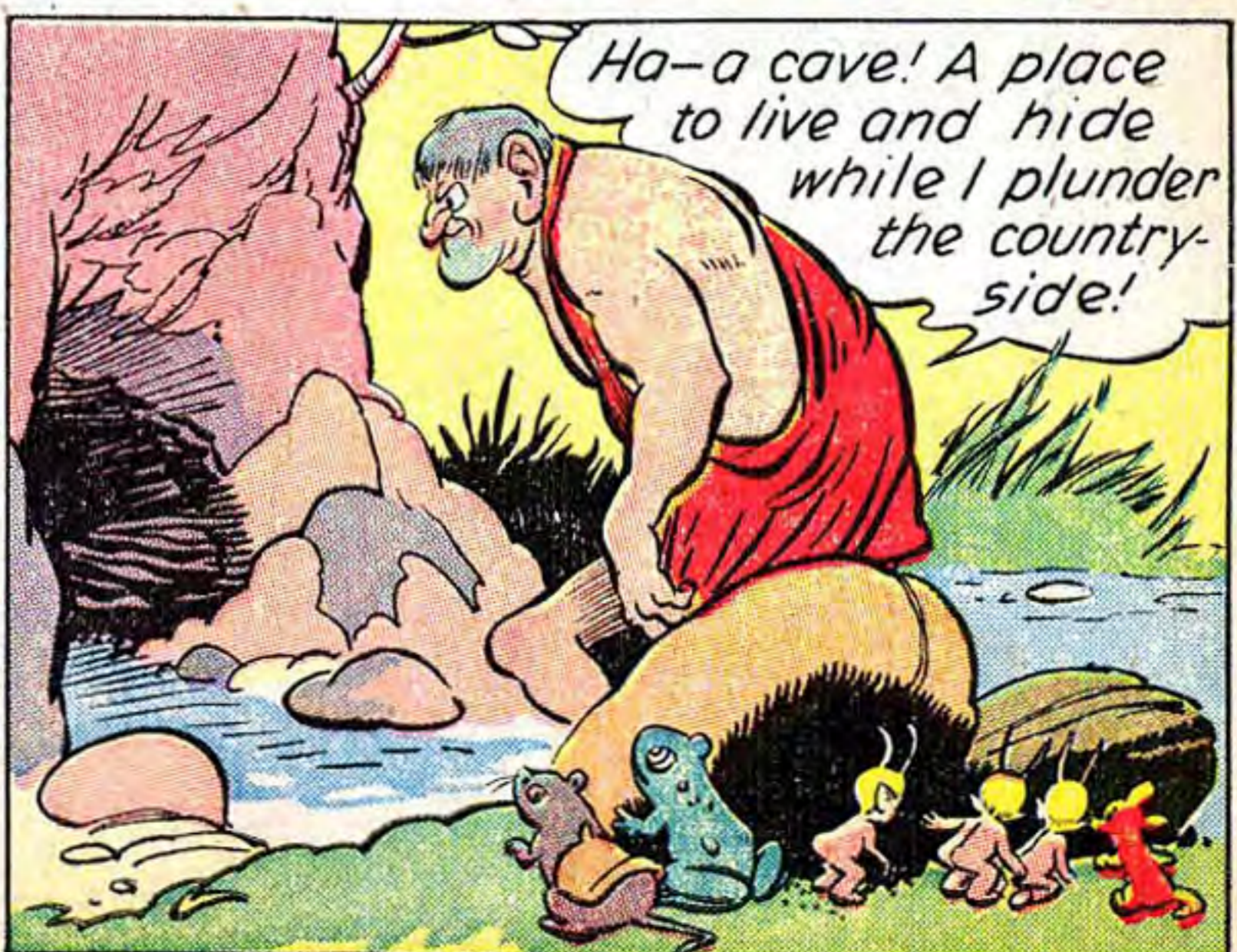
My sakes, but he's big!

And ferocious!

And strong!



Ha—a cave! A place to live and hide while I plunder the countryside!



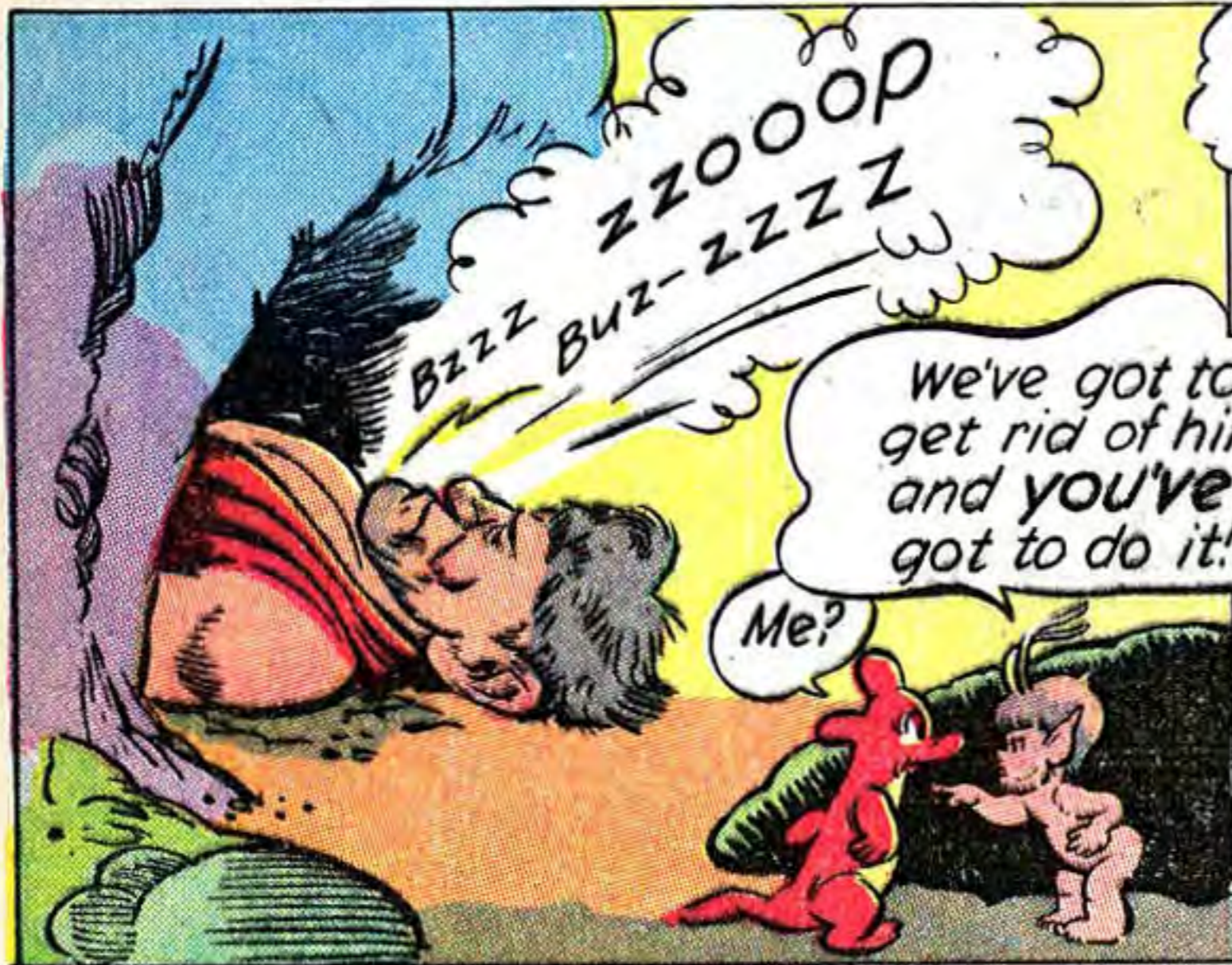
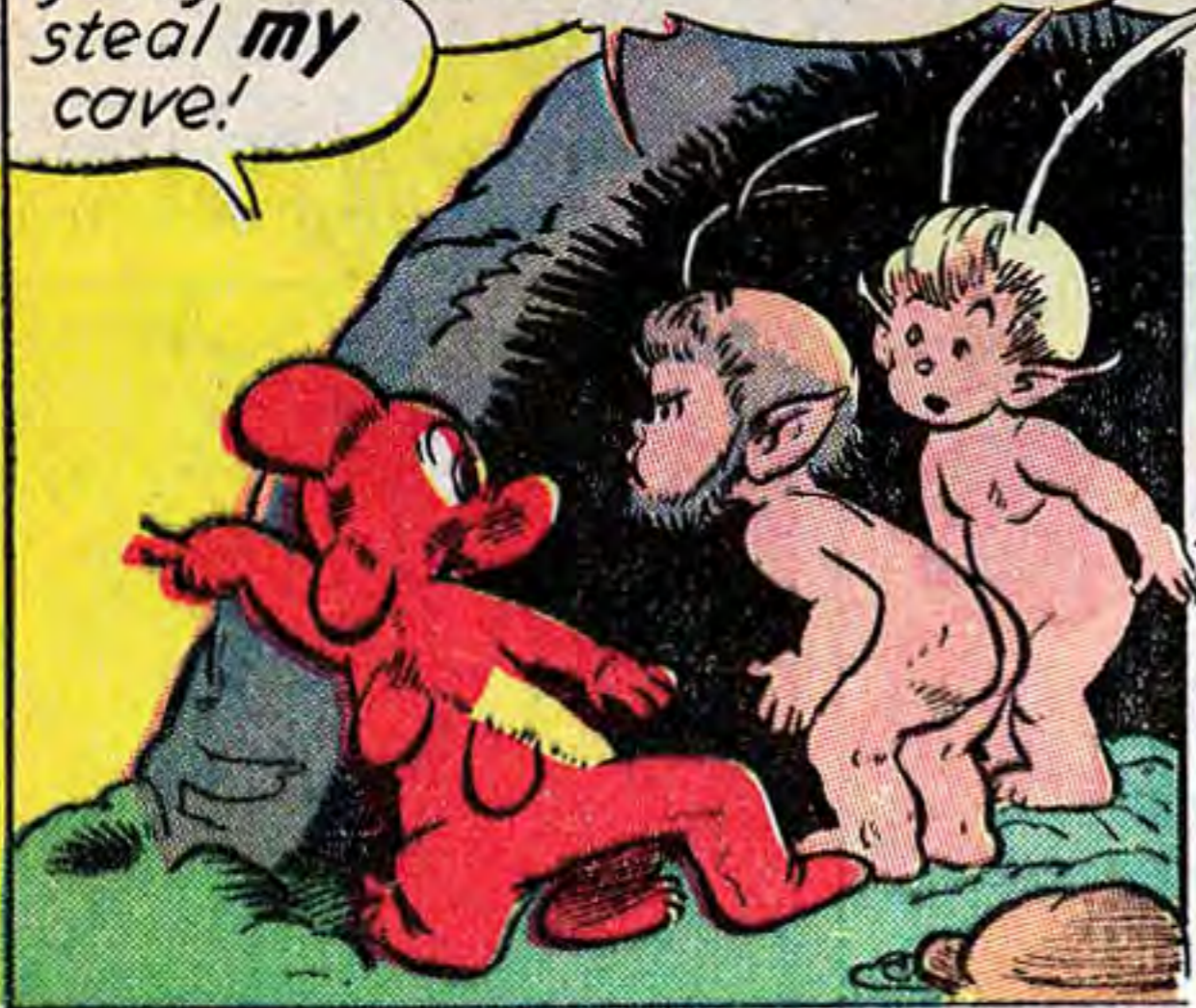


Hey! He's going to steal **my** cave!

Yes, and he wants to live in our forest!

And he's a cruel giant—he wants to plunder the land!

Ho-hum—guess I'll go in and sleep.



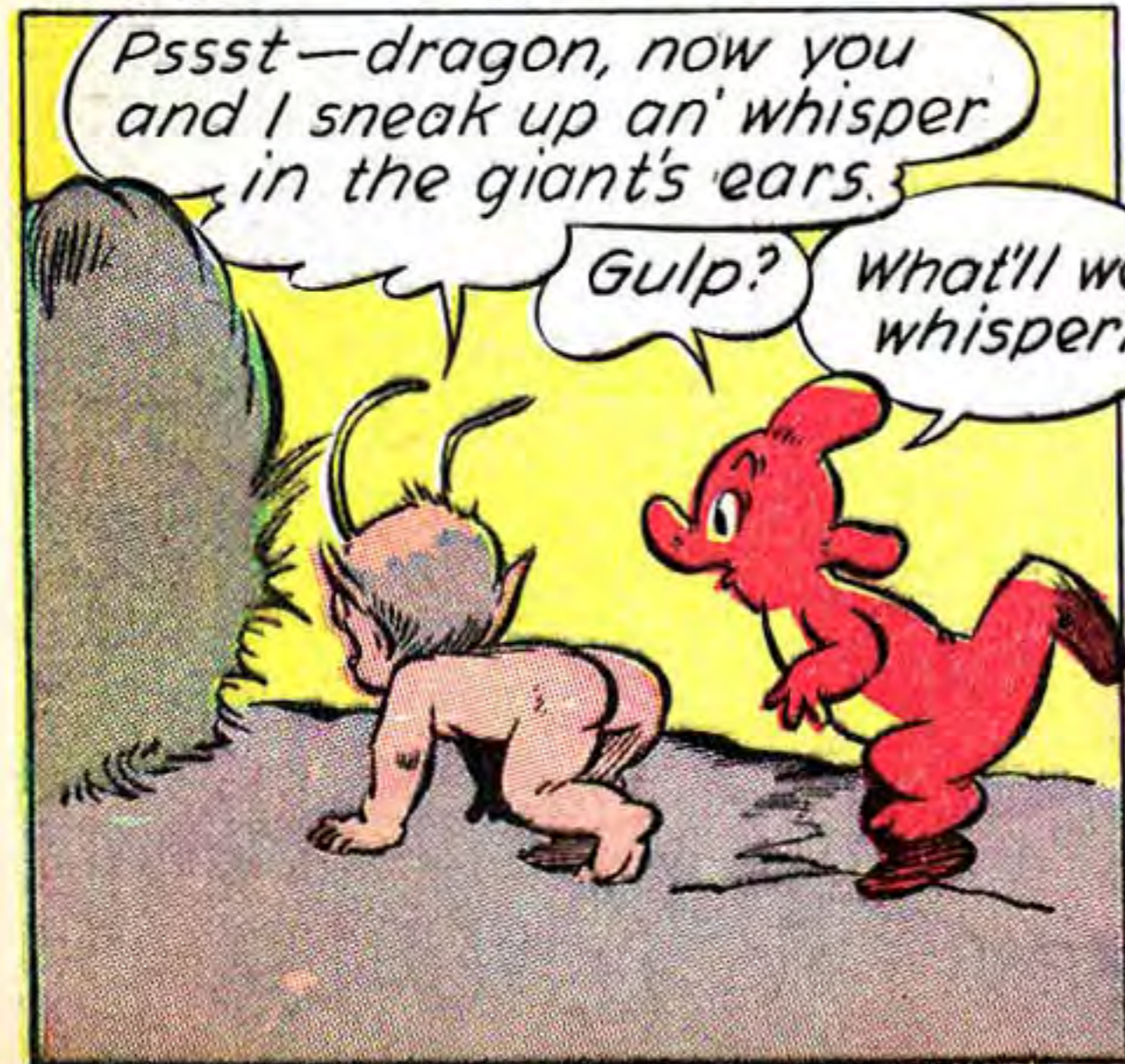
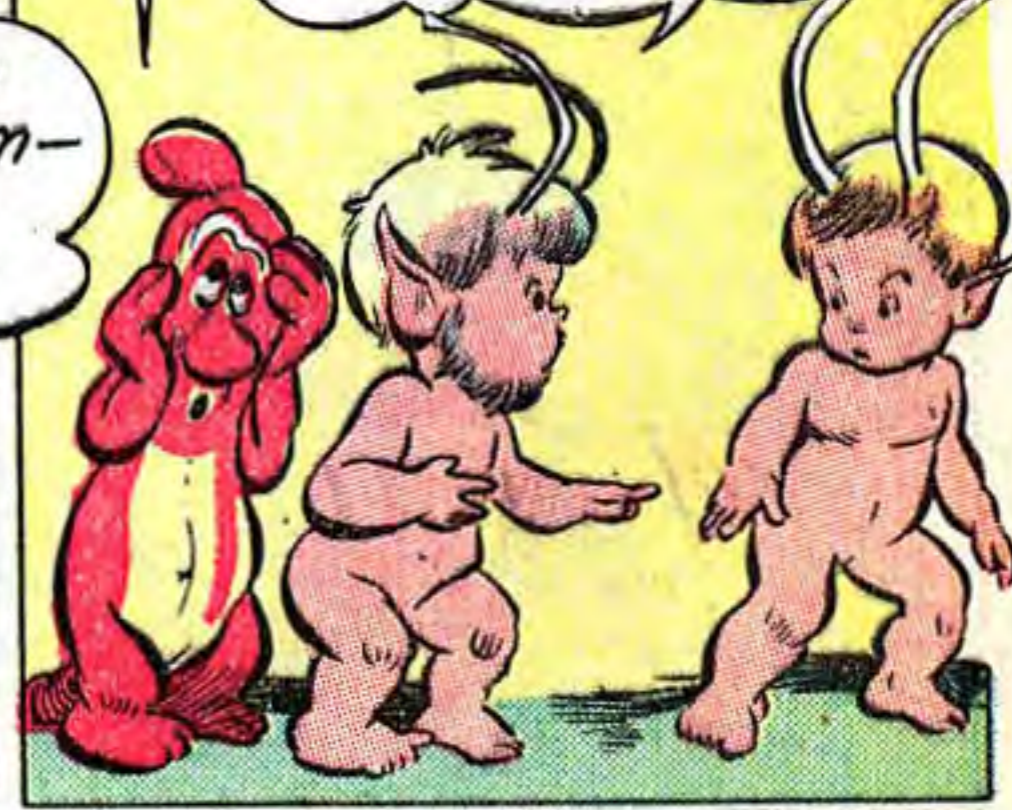
BZZZ BUZ-ZZZZ  
ZZOOOP

We've got to get rid of him—and **you've** got to do it!

Me?

He's so **big!**

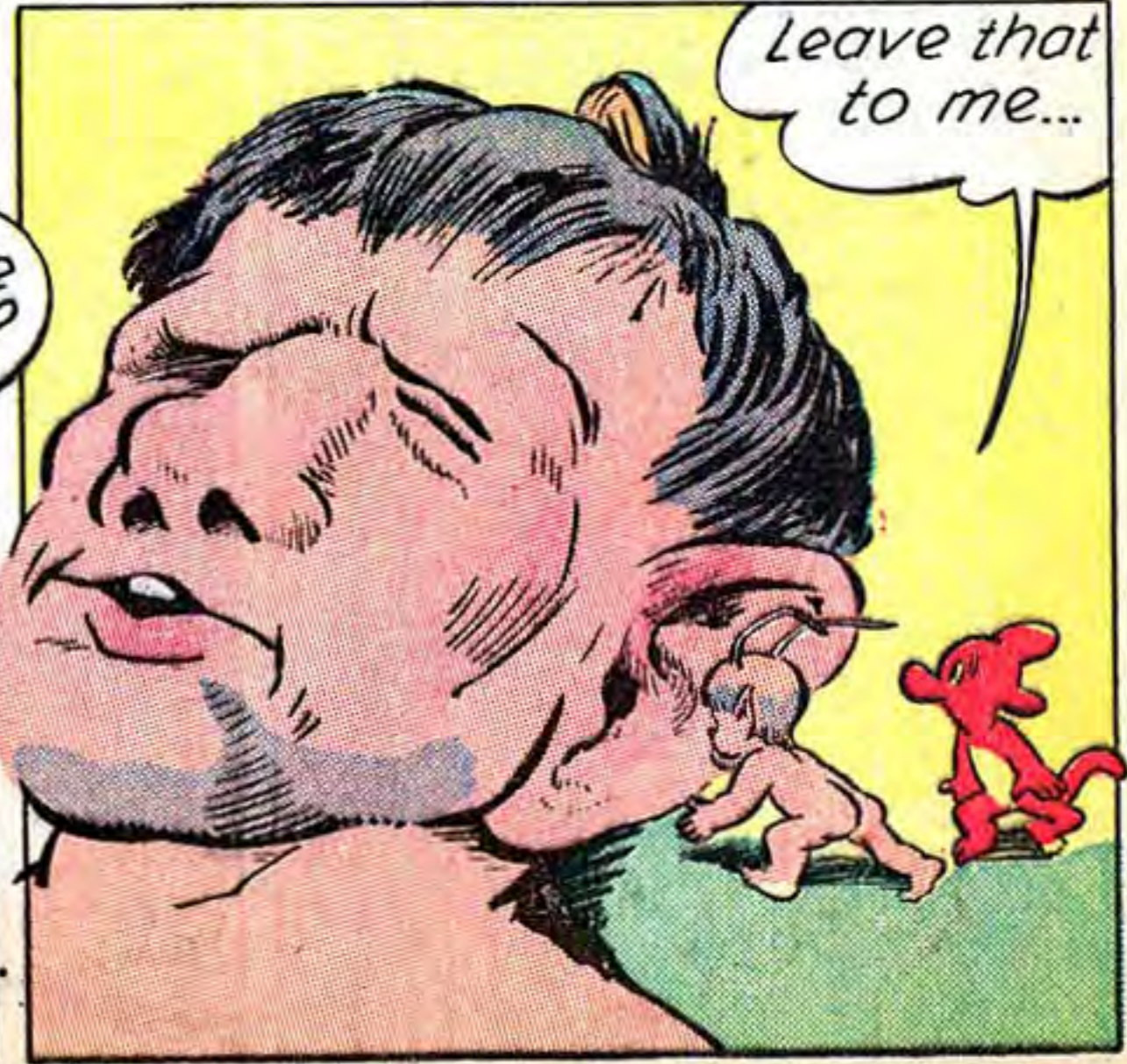
You two rush home and bring back the glass from the face of our big clock.



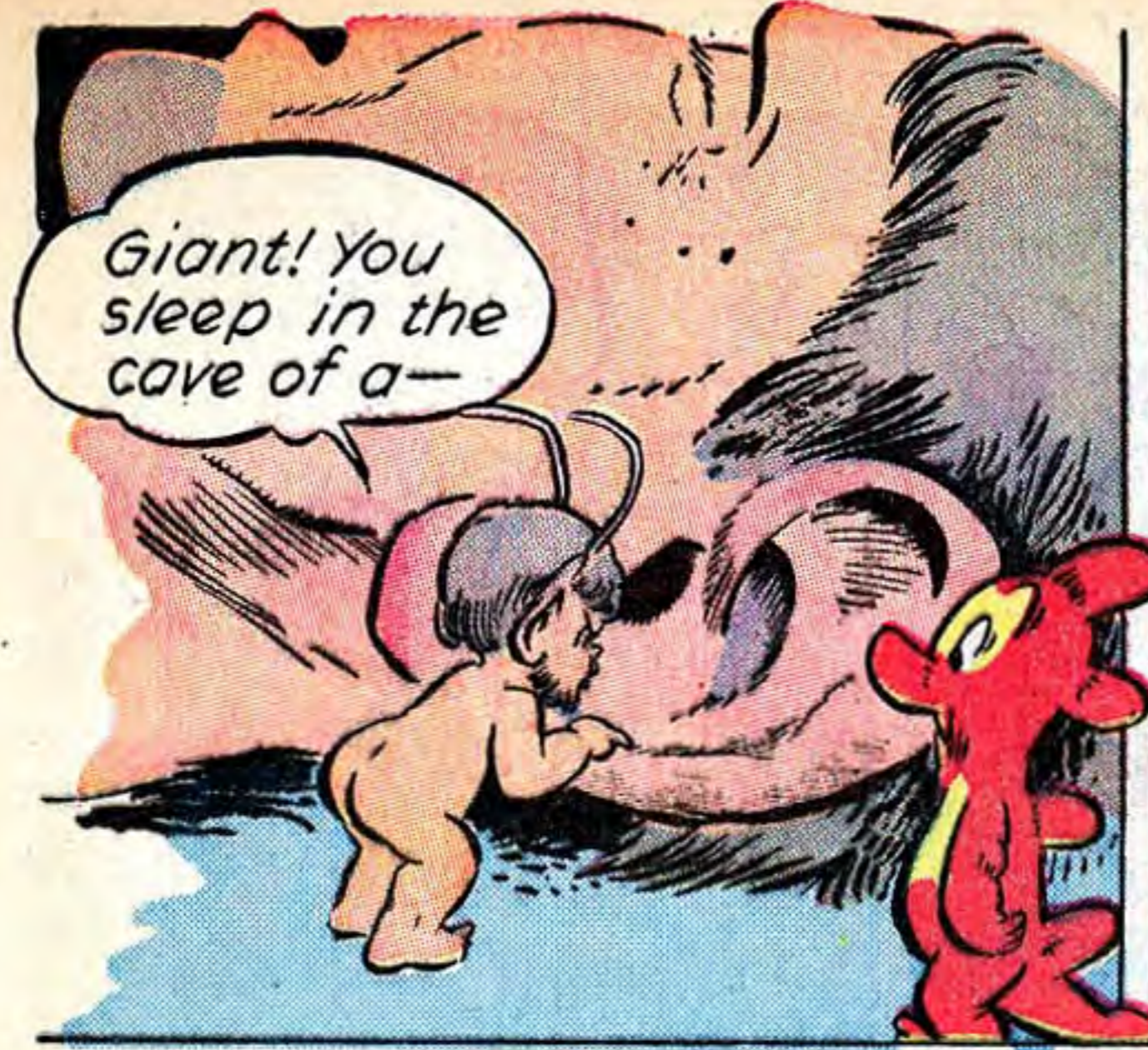
Pssst—dragon, now you and I sneak up an' whisper in the giant's ears.

Gulp?

What'll we whisper?



Leave that to me...



Giant! You sleep in the cave of a—



fierce dragon!



A dragon!



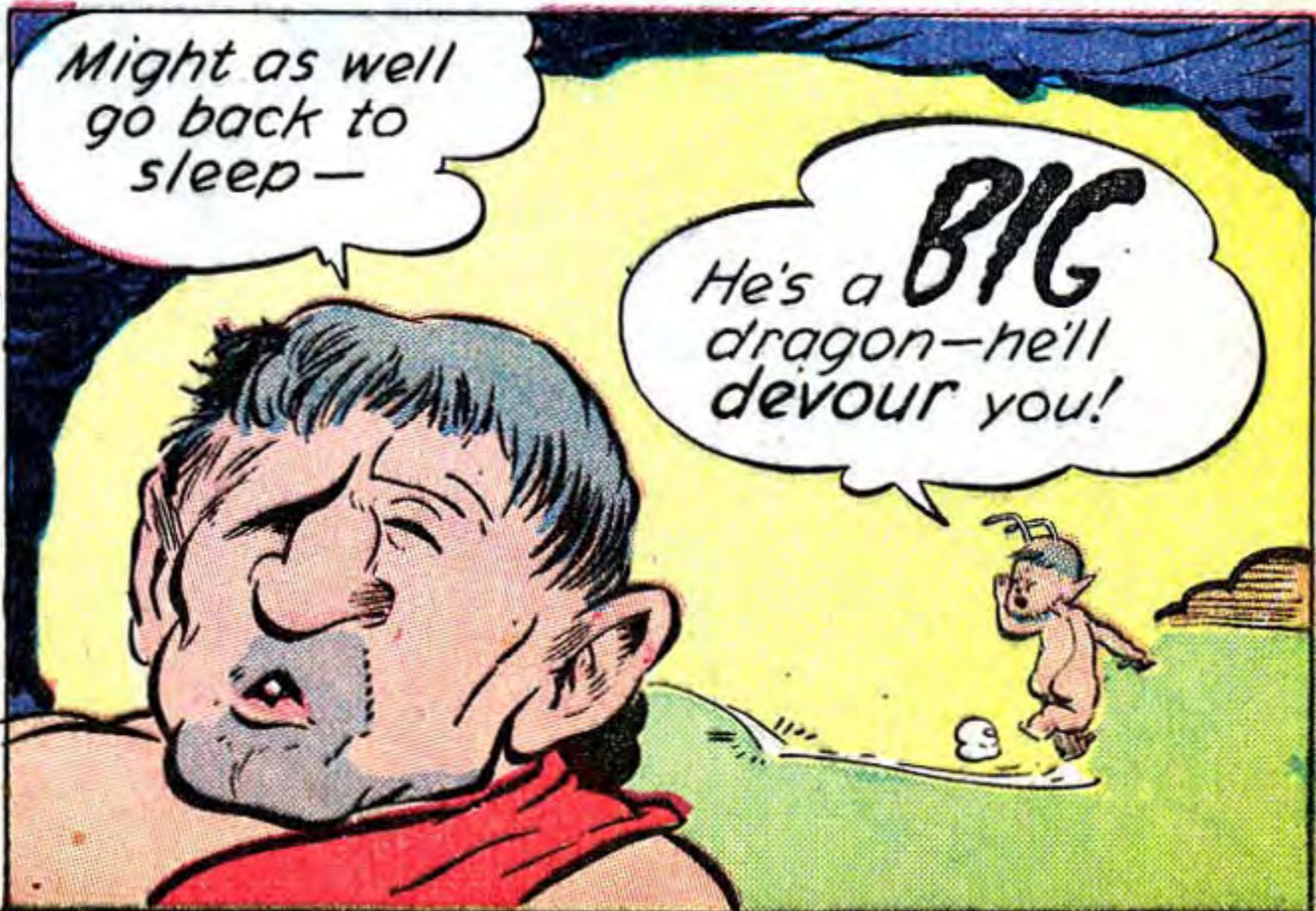
There's no one here—brrrrr—a dragon!



I'm afraid of dragons!

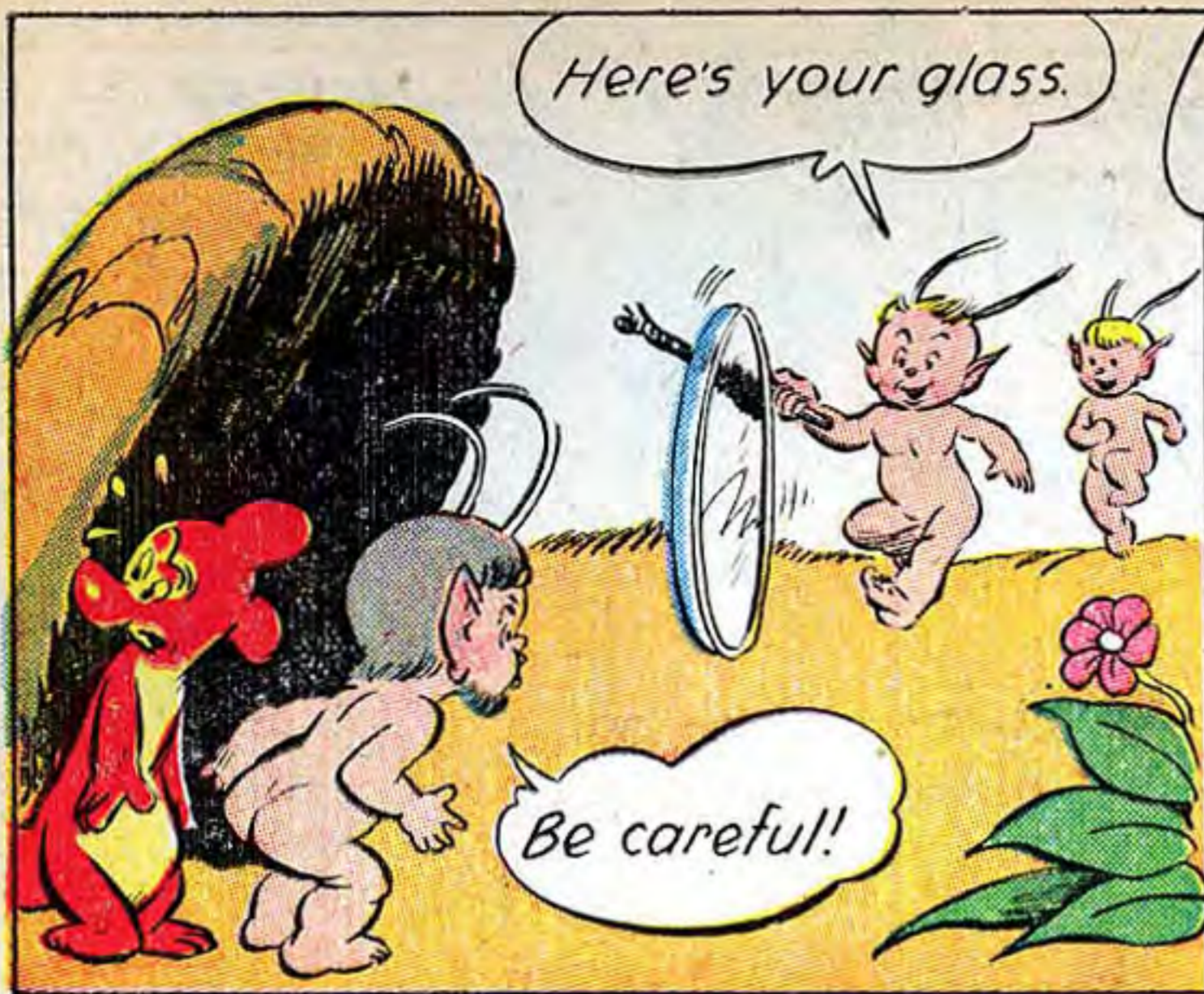


That is—I'm afraid of **big** dragons!



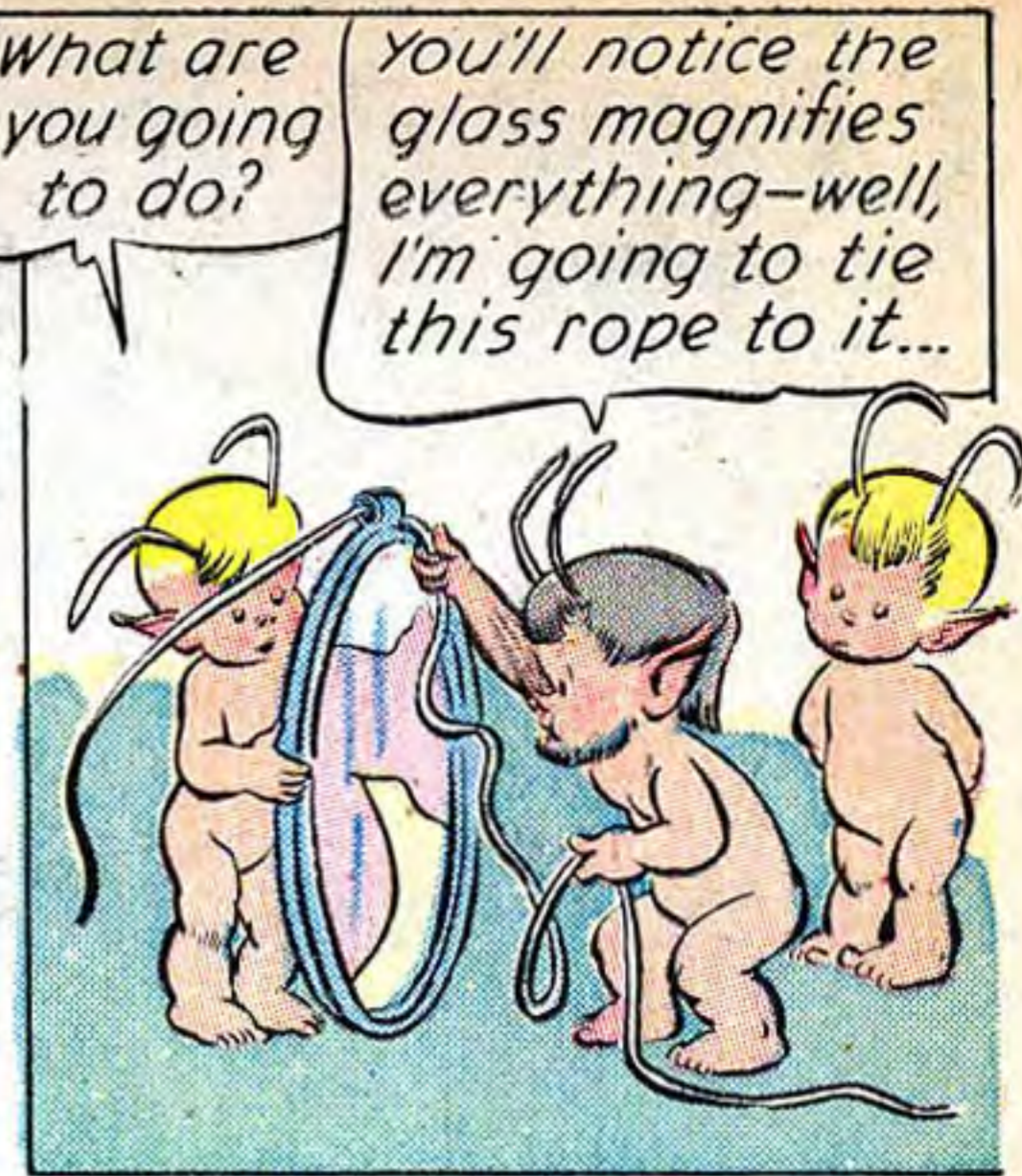
Might as well go back to sleep—

He's a **BIG** dragon—he'll devour you!



Here's your glass.

Be careful!

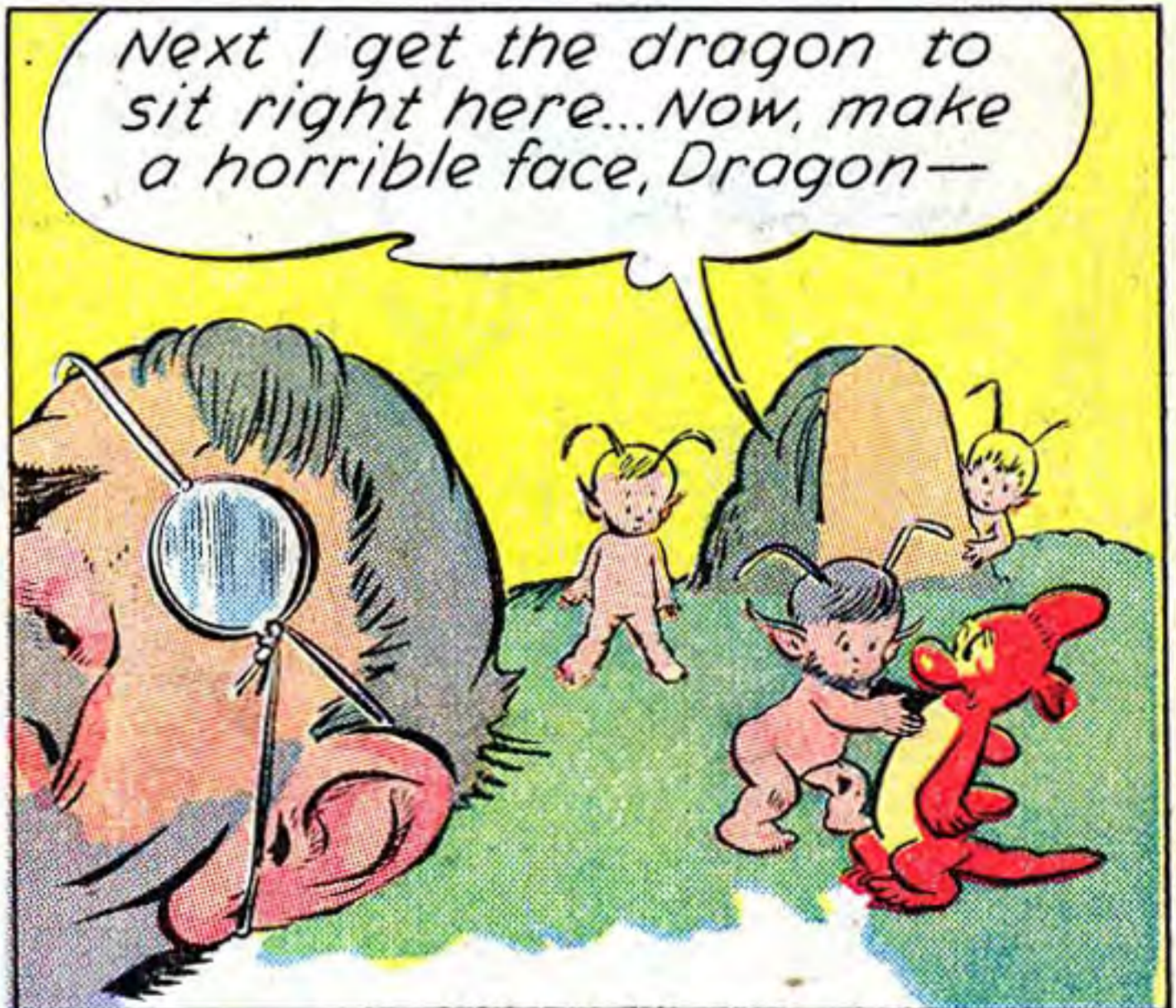


What are you going to do?

You'll notice the glass magnifies everything—well, I'm going to tie this rope to it...



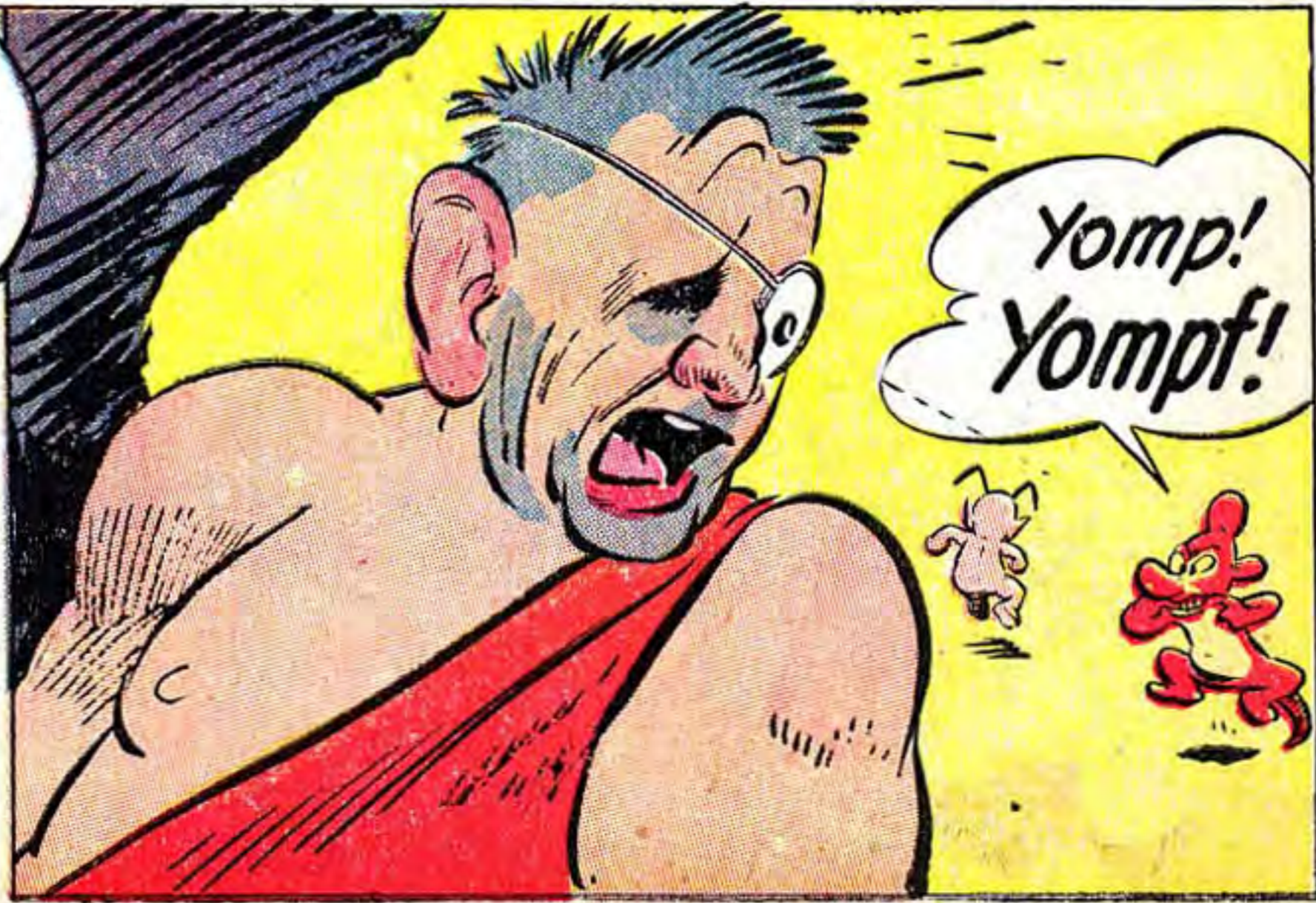
Then while the giant's asleep I'll tie the glass to his eye...



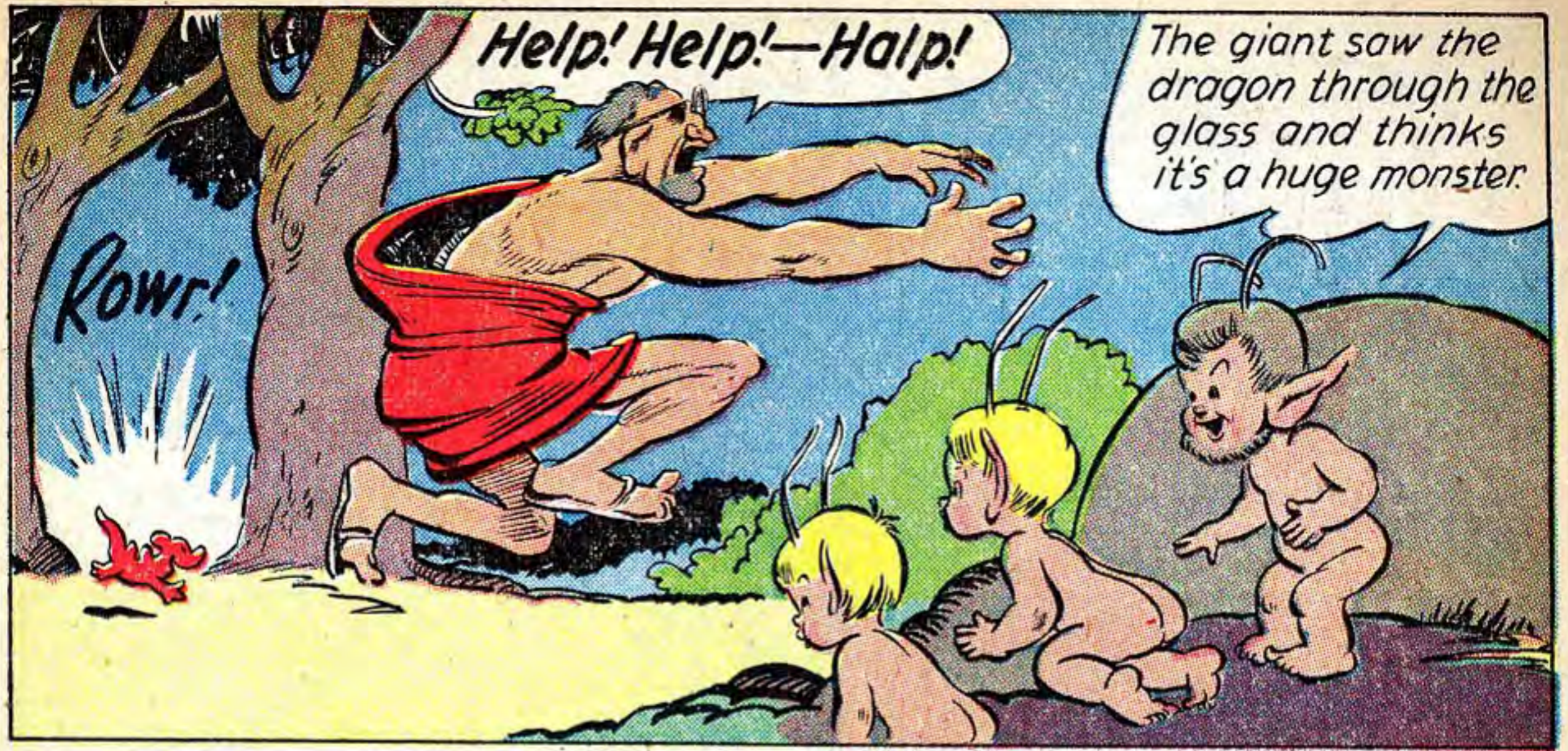
Next I get the dragon to sit right here... Now, make a horrible face, Dragon—



Then I shout—  
**"The dragon's here!"**



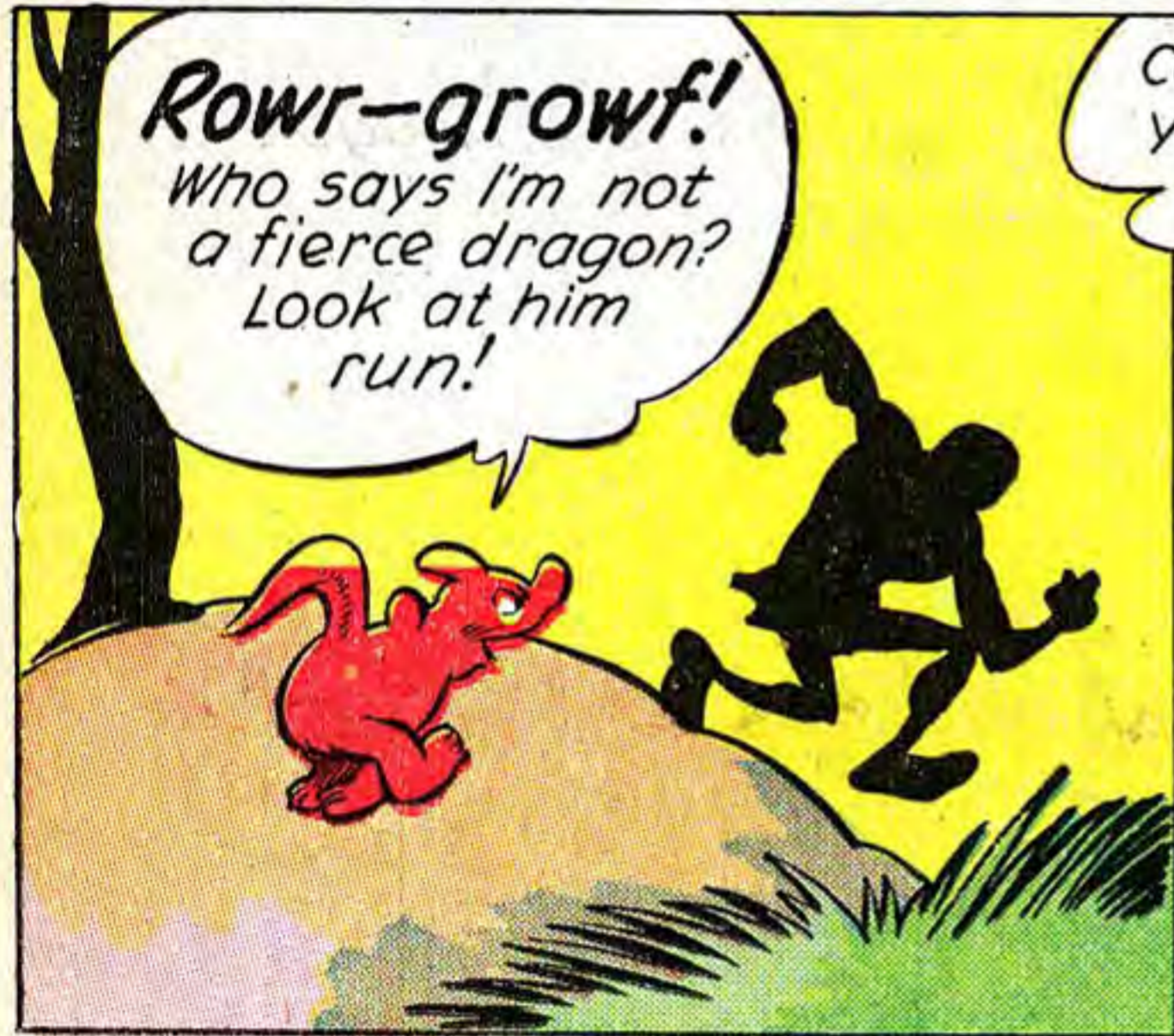
Yomp!  
Yompf!



*Help! Help!—Halp!*

*The giant saw the dragon through the glass and thinks it's a huge monster.*

*Rowr!*



*Rowr-growf!*  
*Who says I'm not a fierce dragon? Look at him run!*



*Congratulations! Now you're a full-fledged dragon!*

*I knew I had it in me!*

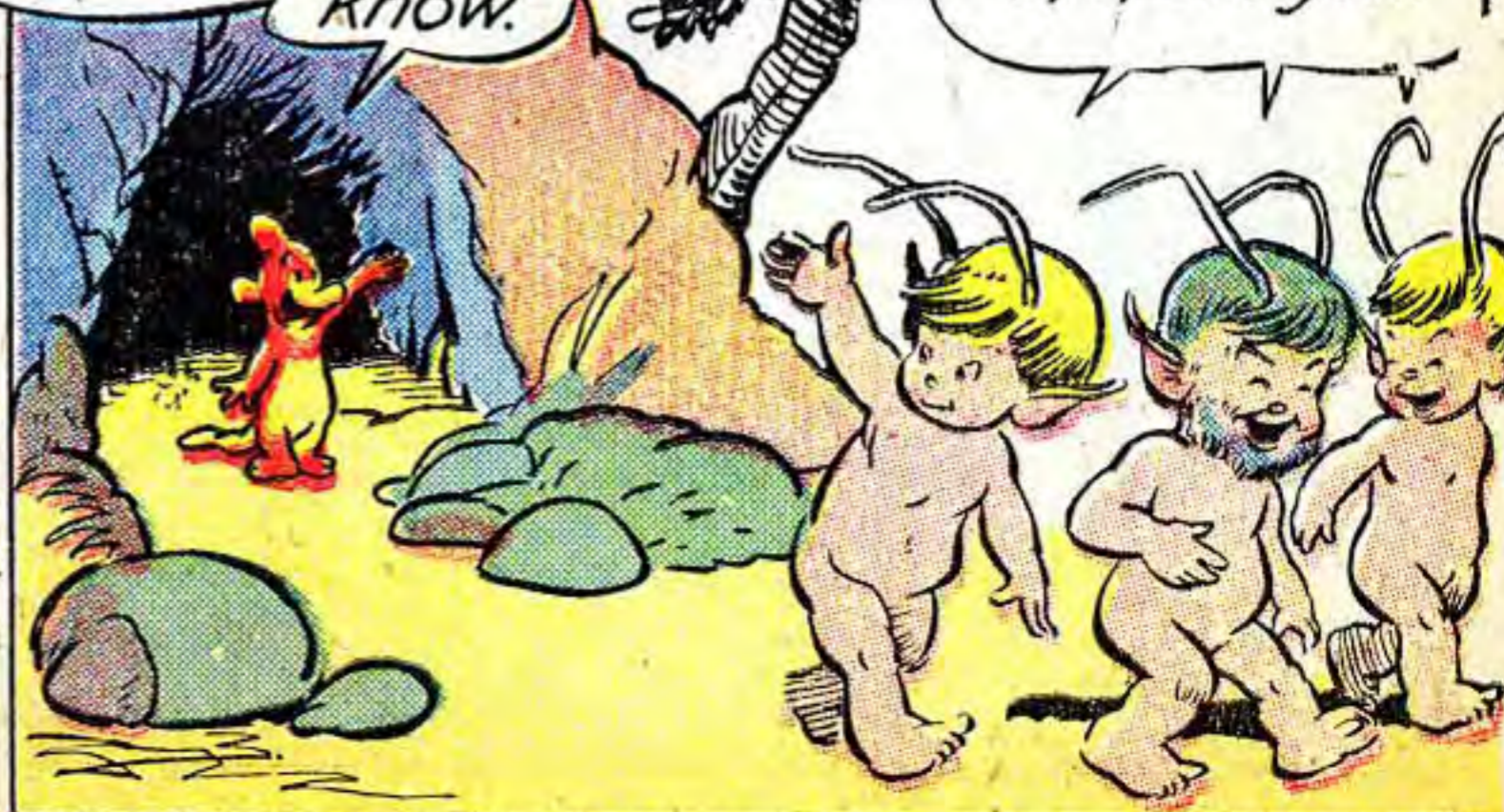


*This is the face I made that scared the giant. Fierce, isn't it?*

*Terrible!*

*Farewell, Tiny Folk—if you ever need the help of a fierce dragon, again let me know.*

*We will, you can be sure—good-bye, Dragon!*



# The Broomstick Bride



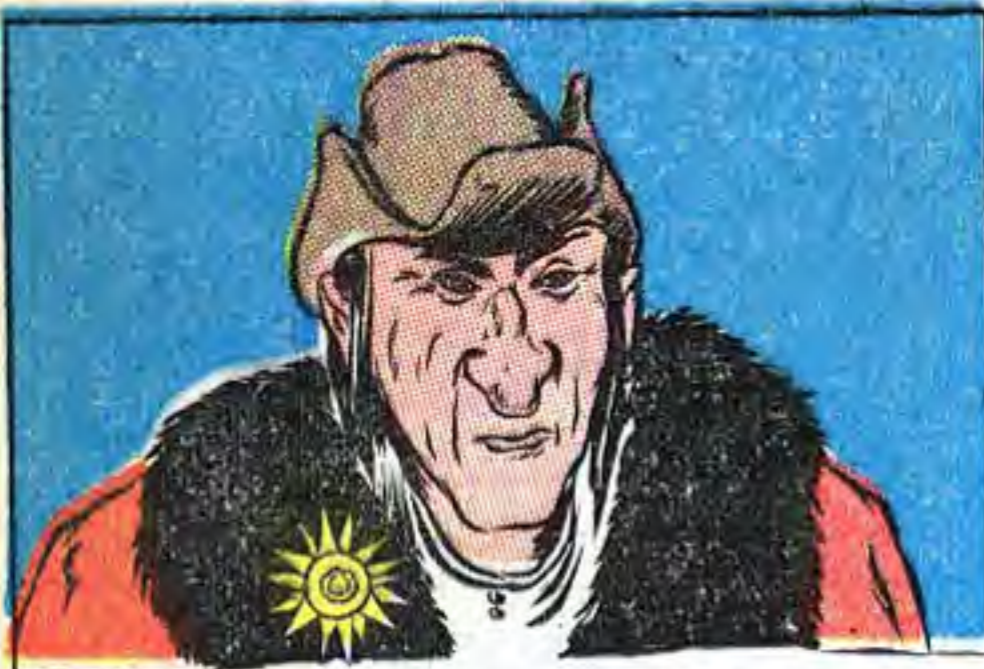
Now they still tell this tale in Glencully and there isn't a soul who doubts it, for they all know it to be true, and each year they pay tribute to the prince who saved the country from being ruled by a — But then, that's the tale —



The king, it seems, was suddenly stricken by a strange malady and he felt in his bones that it would take him. None were so devoted as his only son, Maldonald.



Nothing availed in the efforts to cure the king and even the work of the magician, Morin, failed and the old man weakened.



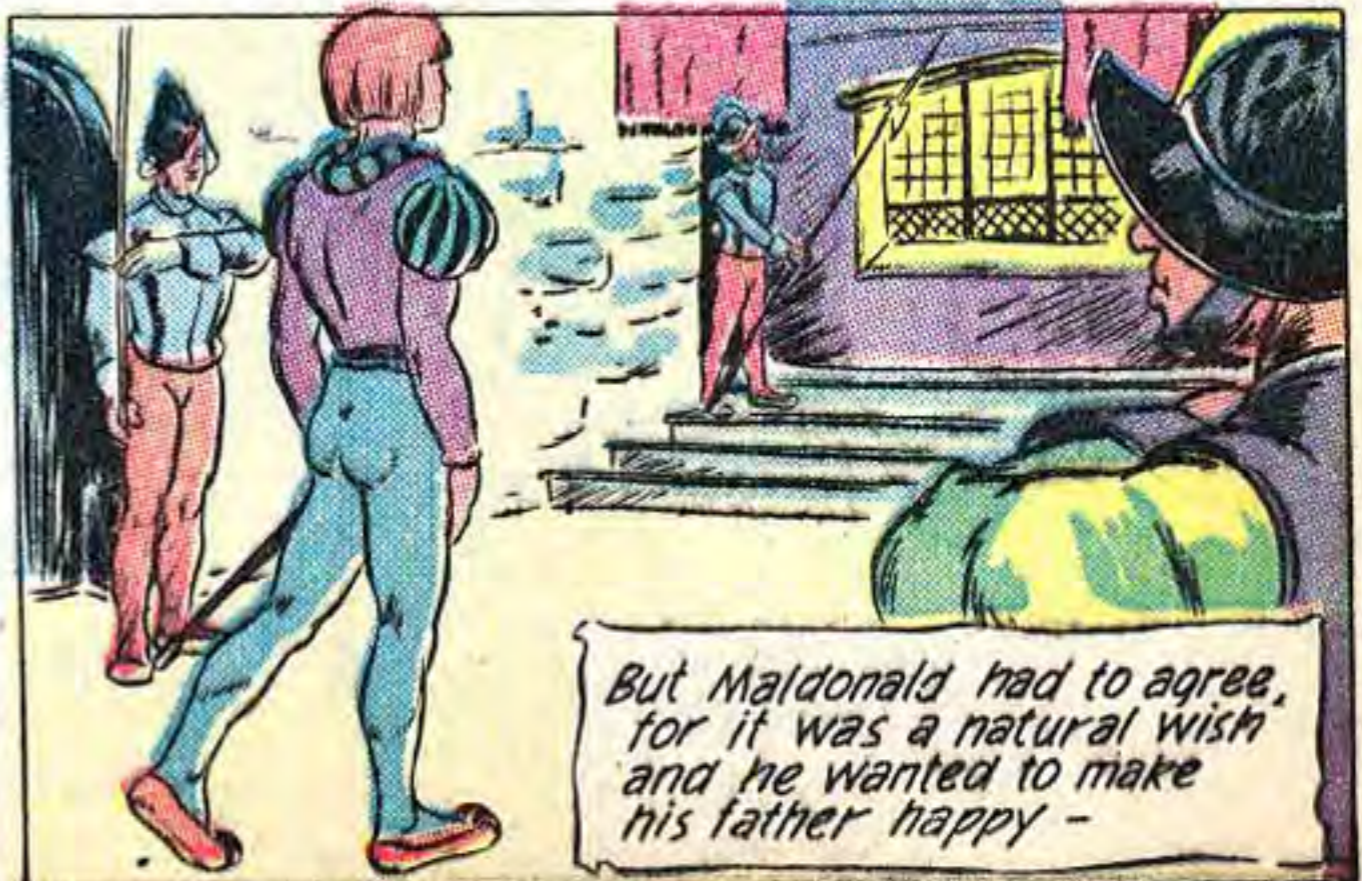
And if Morin couldn't cure him then who could, for didn't he wear the golden star for curing all sickness?



So the king felt doomed and he urged on his son the idea of marriage. He wanted to die happy, knowing that his line would go on.



But the son didn't answer at once for he was troubled - He felt this illness of his father's a strange, unnatural thing -



But Maldonald had to agree, for it was a natural wish and he wanted to make his father happy -



Now this all fitted in with the evil plans of Morin - for it was he who had cast this sickness upon the king



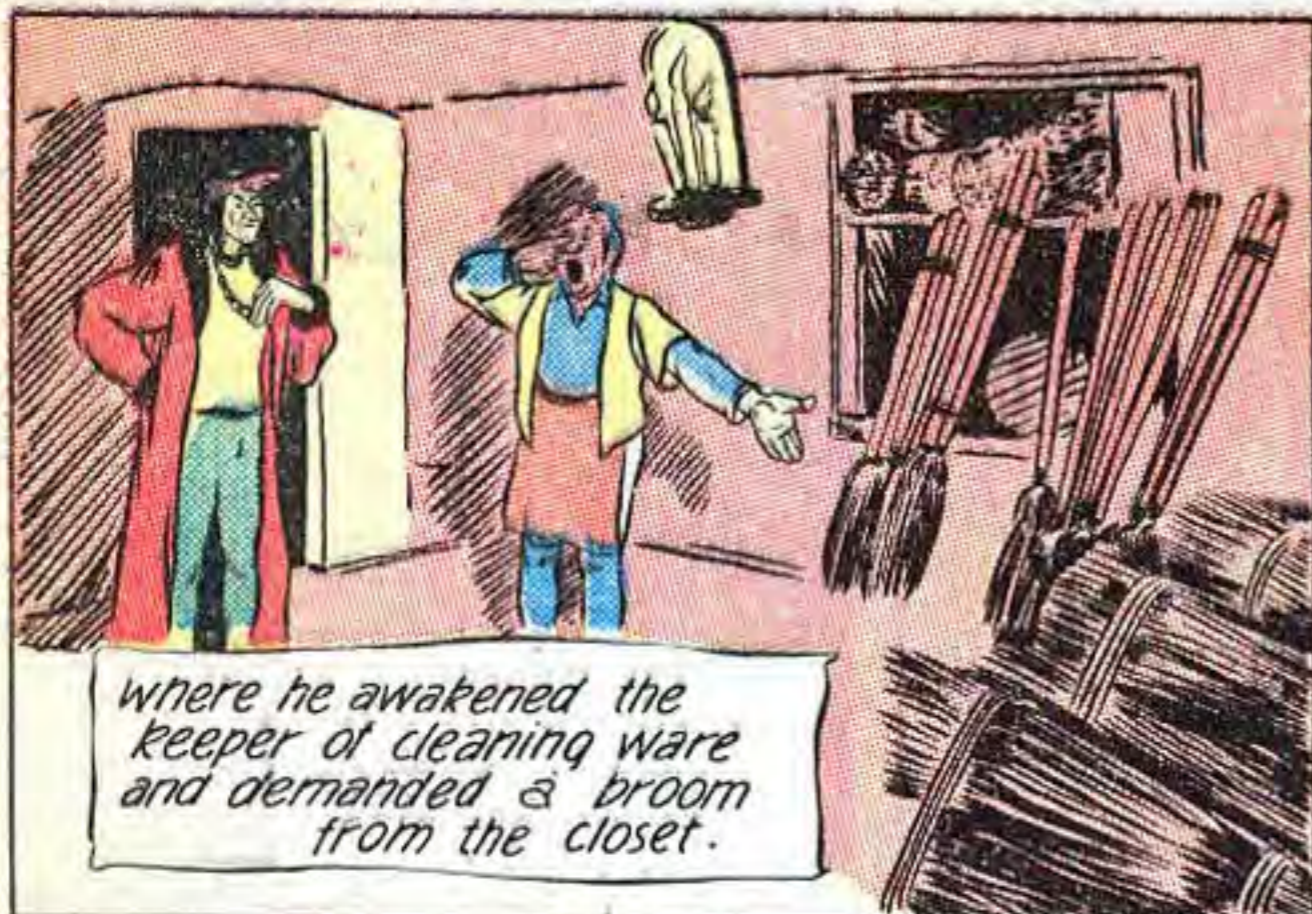
And it was he who now schemed desperately to pick Maldonald's bride so that he should really be ruler.



At last he had it! His plan could work, he thought!



And he set out at once to the servant's quarters -



where he awakened the keeper of cleaning ware and demanded a broom from the closet.



Then choosing one very carefully he left.



And up up high into the deserted tower he took the broom -



And there in a room that only he knew about, he did a strange thing - he stood the broom up alone.



And he started his magic.



Weird strange oaths he cried out and dreadful pieces of devilish verse -



The broom seemed to change before him.



And suddenly, with a flash of light, the broom was gone and in its place stood a lovely young woman



And now Morin used all his wicked genius as he taught this creature of his magic to be a princess -



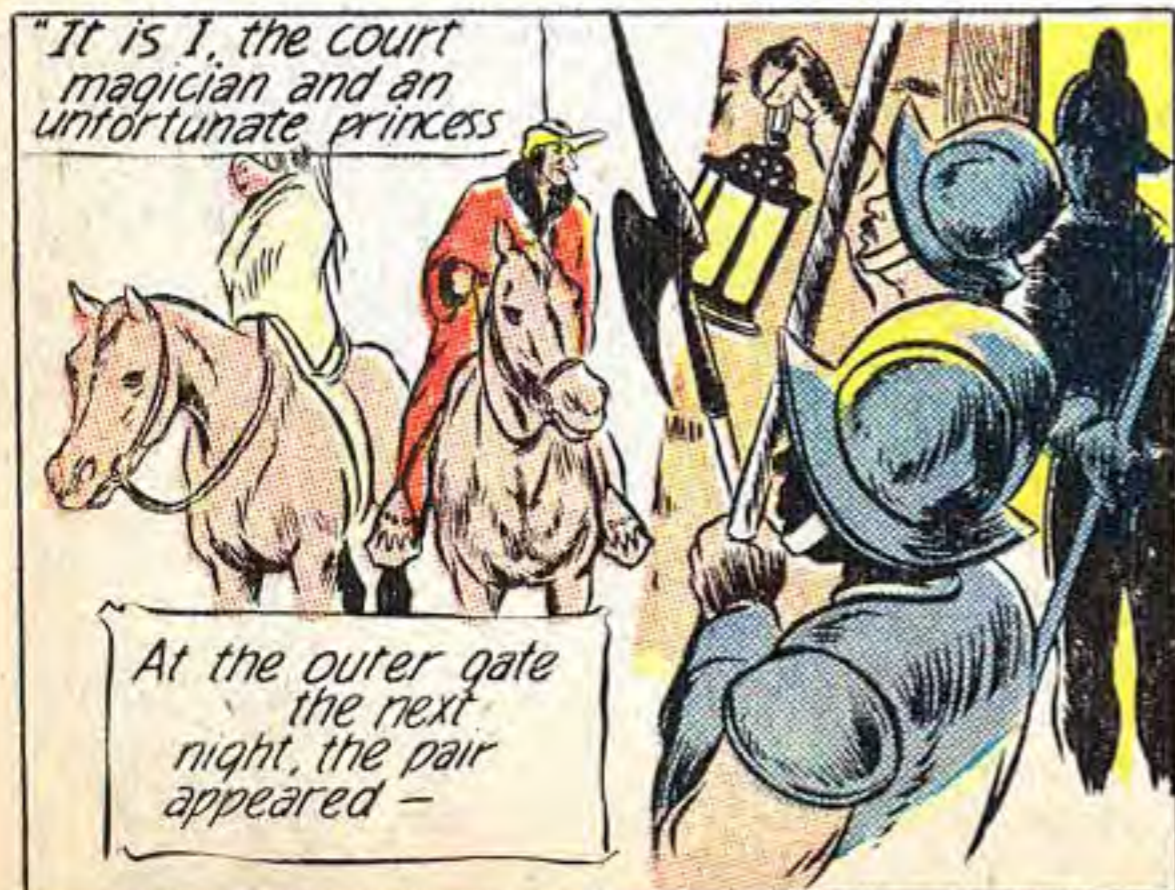
"Now walk up and down as a queen should, for that you shall be -" And he laughed delightedly at his student -



"Each whim of mine is your law - Do you understand?" He told the soulless creature.



So taking her out of the castle, Morin began to complete his plan.



"It is I, the court magician and an unfortunate princess

At the outer gate the next night, the pair appeared -

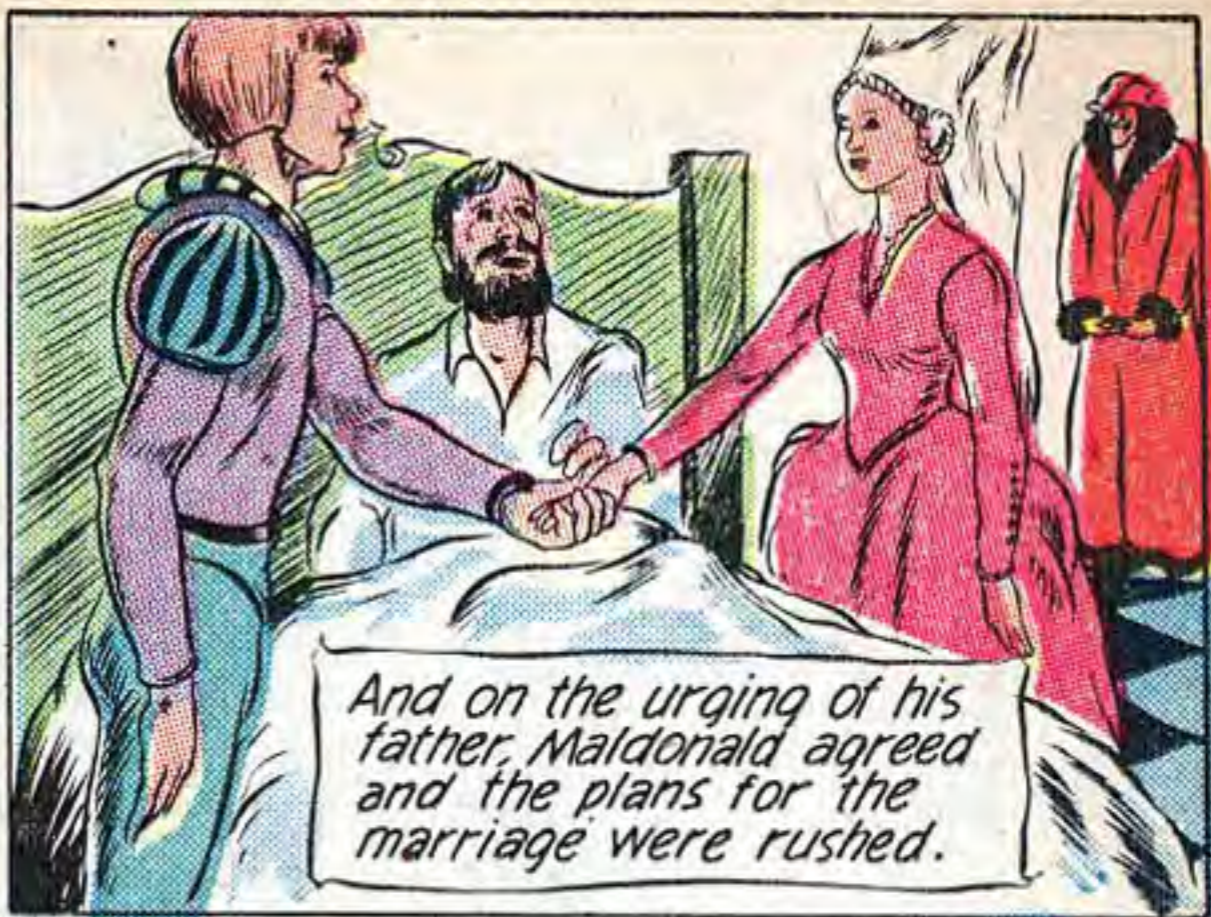


- And so, me lord, her being put upon in such a manner, I hastened to bring her to the protection of your father's castle.

And Morin had little trouble enlisting the warm help of Maldonald with the story he told.



When the king saw the maid and learned her to be a princess he was very happy, for here indeed was a fitting wife for his son -



And on the urging of his father, Maldonald agreed and the plans for the marriage were rushed.



You know, she's a strange one, that Princess Villia -

But some there were who felt differently than the king about Princess Villia -



She acts a bit odd, and that's a fact.

she's fey I think -

The servants in the castle noticed the unnatural qualities of the girl.



So the plans for the marriage went on - And even though the king grew worse, he was happy.



The prince was hard put to understand this strange and beautiful girl for she could be so odd at times

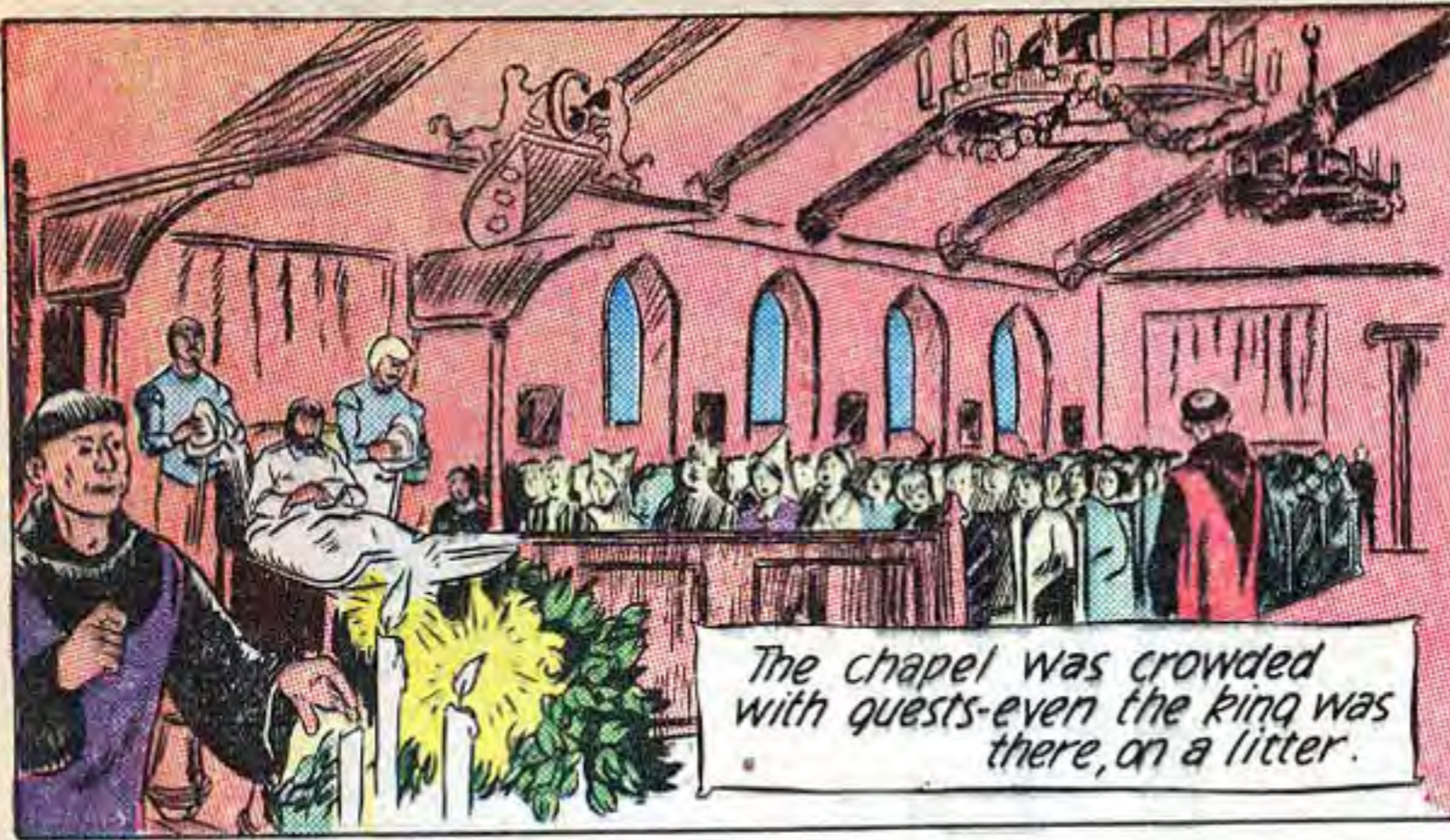


But Morin was supremely happy and drank to his luck each night - alone.



At last came the day of the wedding.





The chapel was crowded with guests—even the king was there, on a litter.



Then the ceremonies started—Maldonald entered first and stood by the rail, his eyes resting on his father's happy face.



And then entered the Princess Villia—And she was beautiful. But Morin had forgotten one important thing—



The cross!—For no sooner had this creation of black magic come in sight of it—She dissolved—And became again what she was—A broomstick!



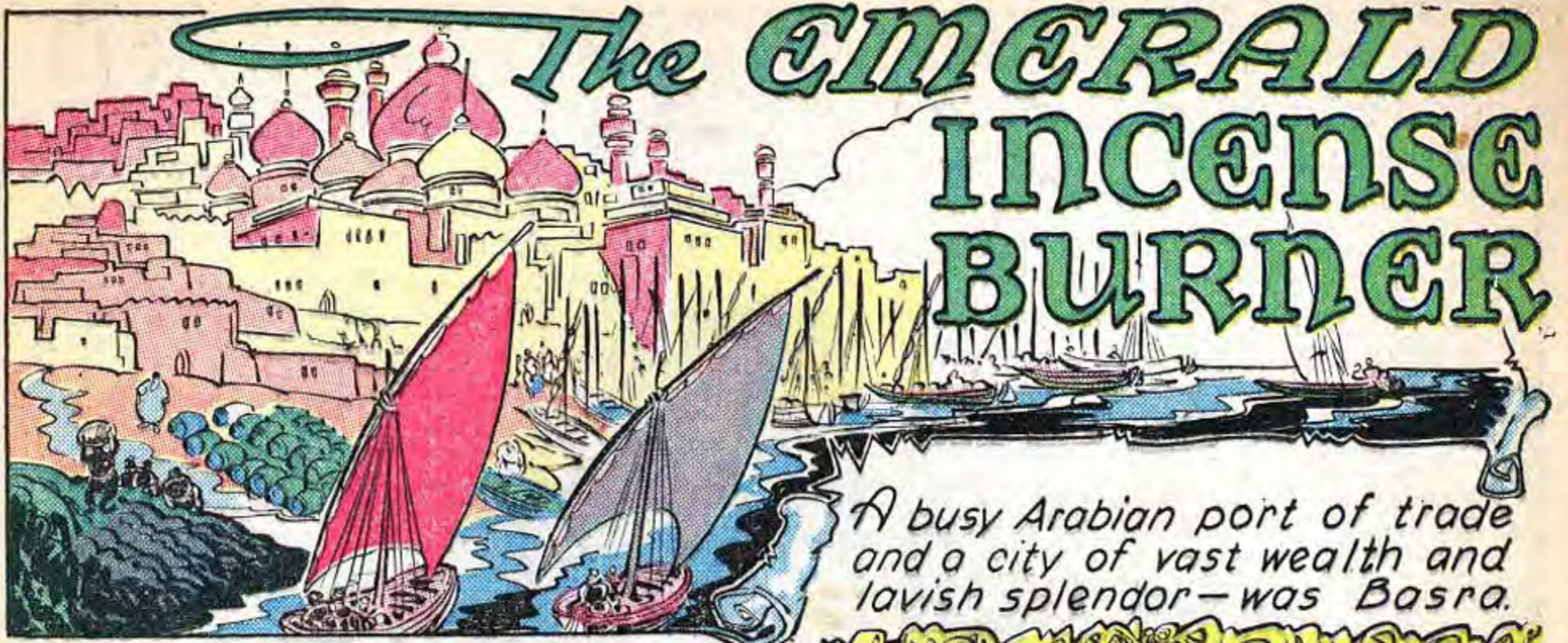
"I see it all now!" the prince cried, and whirling, he drew his sword and ran the wicked Morin through.



And no sooner had the body of Morin pitched to the floor than the vigor of the king returned.



The king's health, freed from Morin's evil spell, was completely restored. He lived to reign many, many years—He saw his son happily married—this time to a real princess—But that's another story!



# The EMERALD INCENSE BURNER

A busy Arabian port of trade and a city of vast wealth and lavish splendor—was Basra.

Here lived a lowly baker named Abdullah who shared a hovel with his wife, his mother, and his seven brothers.

Abdullah had to work night and day to support them.

Why don't you fellows go out and earn your own living?

Because we're bigger than you, that's why!

Since I'm Abdullah's mother, I'll take the larger share of today's profits.

And as I'm the elder brother, I'll take the rest.



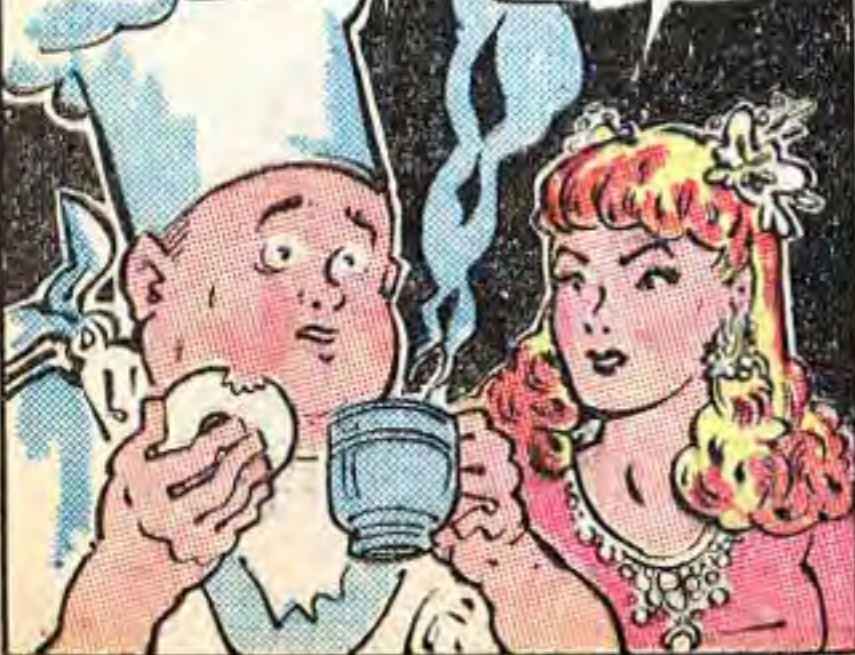
'Tis no use, my brothers are eating me out of house and home!

After our home is gone, your brothers will still be eating!

So it went day after day until one night—

I'm so tired from baking those 3,000 loaves of bread... I feel drowsy.

Abdullah fell asleep and had a most unusual dream.



A hermit of ancient years appeared in this dream and said to Abdullah —

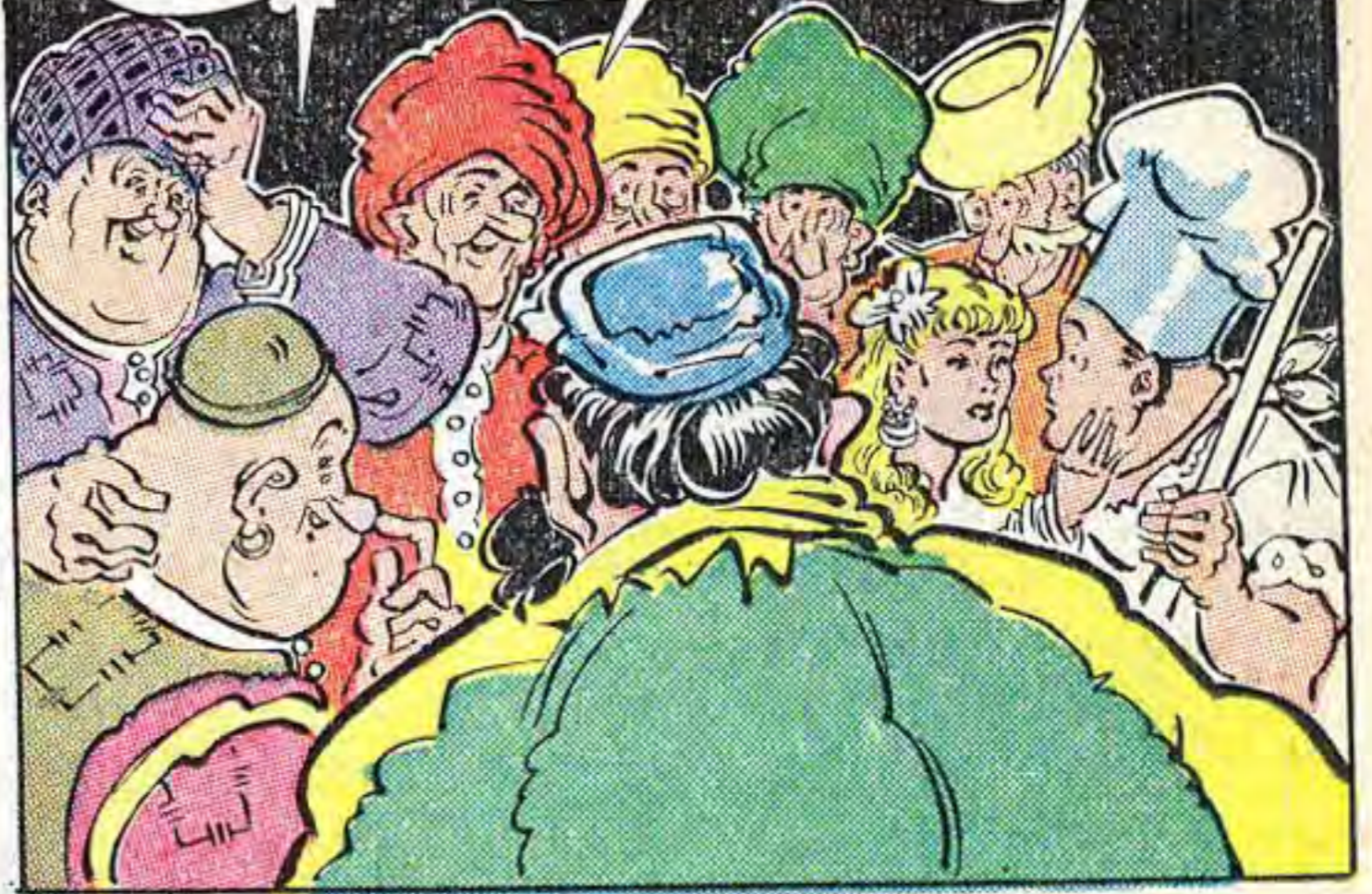
Go, my son, to Cairo, where you will find a most miraculous incense burner, that has been stolen. After you have found it, return it to its rightful owner and you shall be handsomely rewarded.



So the next day he told his family of his dream, at which they jeered—all save his wife.

Nonsense! Ridiculous! Unbelievable! Outlandish! Preposterous! Absurd!

Go, Abdullah. And I will take over the bakery until you return.



So he packed up his few belongings and set out.

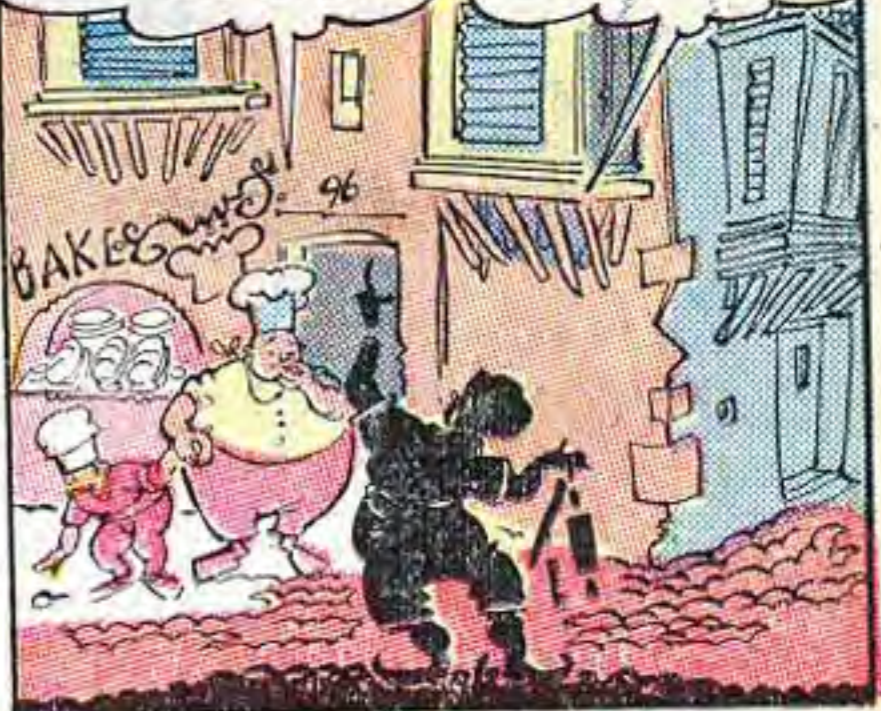


After weeks of travel, he arrived in Cairo and began his search.



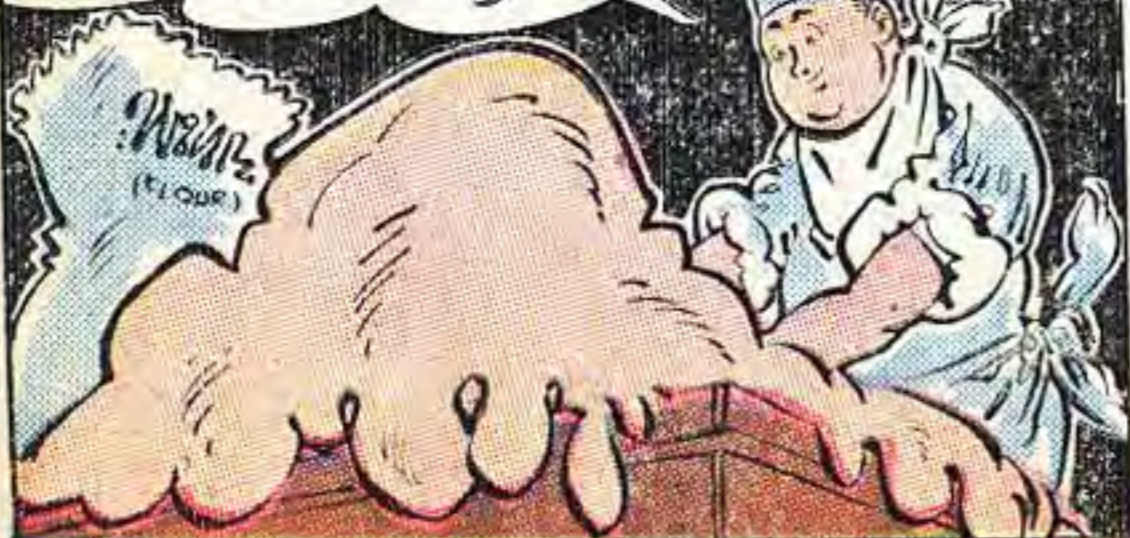
But in vain! His money gone—he sought a position.

Why, you don't even look like a baker!



So days passed into weeks and weeks into months —

The hermit said I'd be handsomely rewarded... Wonder if he meant I'd be rolling in this kind of dough!



Until one day three blind beggars entered the shop and whispered to one another.

Aye! 'Tis a beauty! A jewel! A gem!

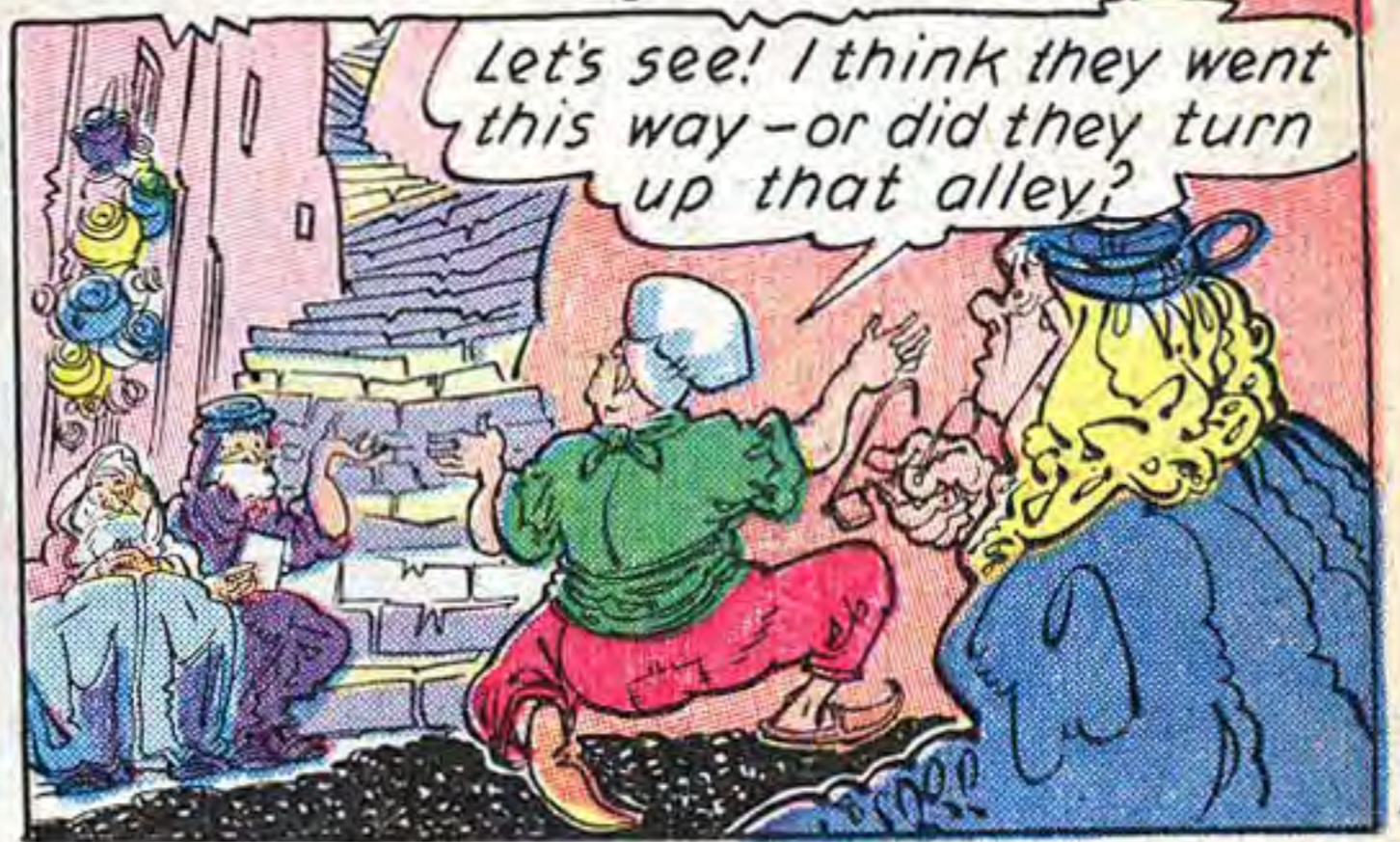
The enchanted incense burner, and to think we have it!



Why, they must be speaking about the same emerald incense burner that the hermit told me to seek!



Quickly, he put down his baker's trowel, hung up his apron and followed them up a narrow, twisting side street.



Let's see! I think they went this way - or did they turn up that alley?

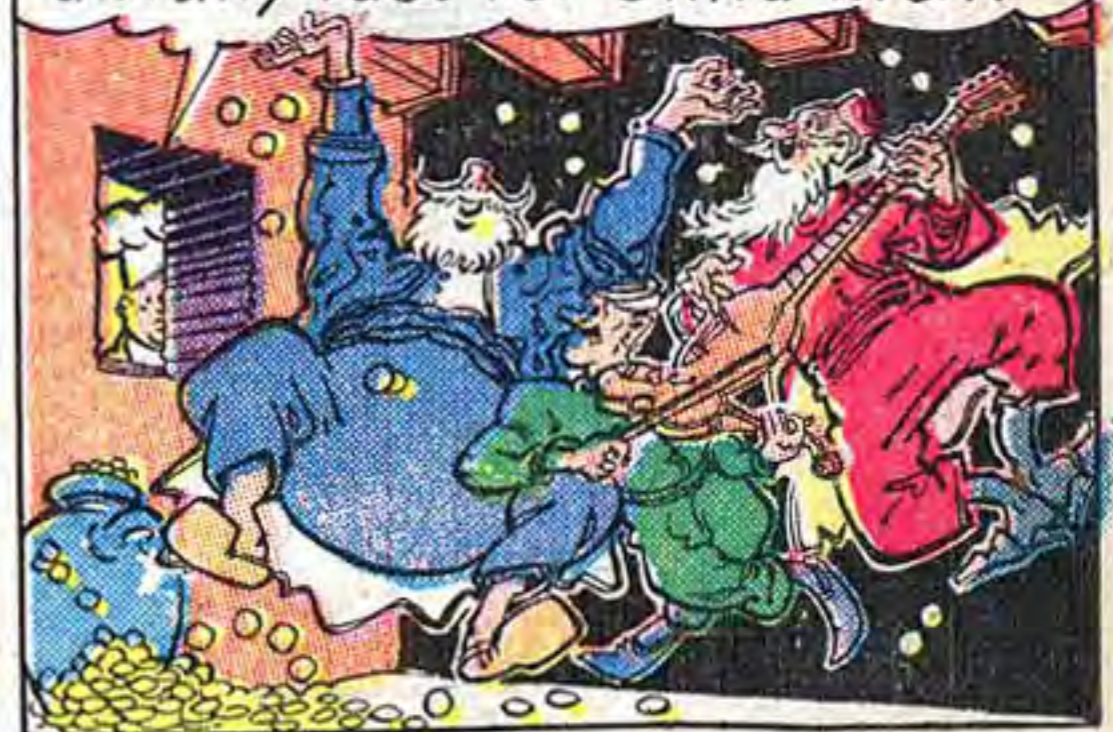
At last the beggars reach their home.



Hurry, you fool, open the door! You can see as well as I can!

I know! In case anyone is spying on us, I want to impress them with our feebleness.

Ah, there they are! They seem to be moving about - moving awfully fast for blind men!



Later, climbing up a balcony and hiding in the shadows of the second floor, he peered down and saw...



Ha, ha! Look at all the fine treasures we have gleaned from homes during our alms seeking!

And the best prize of all is this incense burner! Do you not know it is worth millions - enough talk! Now for our daily feast!

And after singing, drinking and eating, the three beggars fell asleep.



Now to get that miraculous emerald incense burner!

Abdullah tiptoed to the pile of loot and hid the incense burner in his turban.

And now to get back to Basra—but first...



But you can't quit now, Abdullah! Why, you are the best baker in Cairo!

If I am the best, you have been paying me the wages of the worst! Farewell!



He makes his way from the city...

Guess there's something to dreams, after all!



Leaving behind him the three beggars.

Gone! Our incense burner has been stolen!

What? Gone! It can't be!

What thief would steal from another thief? Is there no honesty in this profession!?



After Abdullah has travelled half-way back to Basra...



On a dusty road he met a traveling merchant.

Greetings! Allah be with you, my good man!



Let us be friends and share the hardships of travel.

Agreed! Just so we don't have to share our belongings.



But one night while both were sleeping near an old well, the merchant was awakened.

By the beard of the prophet, what can it be that gleams as brightly as a thousand fireflies?



'Tis my incense burner, my friend! Is it not a beauty? The finest I have ever seen. I will offer you 10,000 talents for it. Enough to buy 100 bakeshops!



But Abdullah could not be swayed to sell that which was not his. The merchant was outraged and departed.

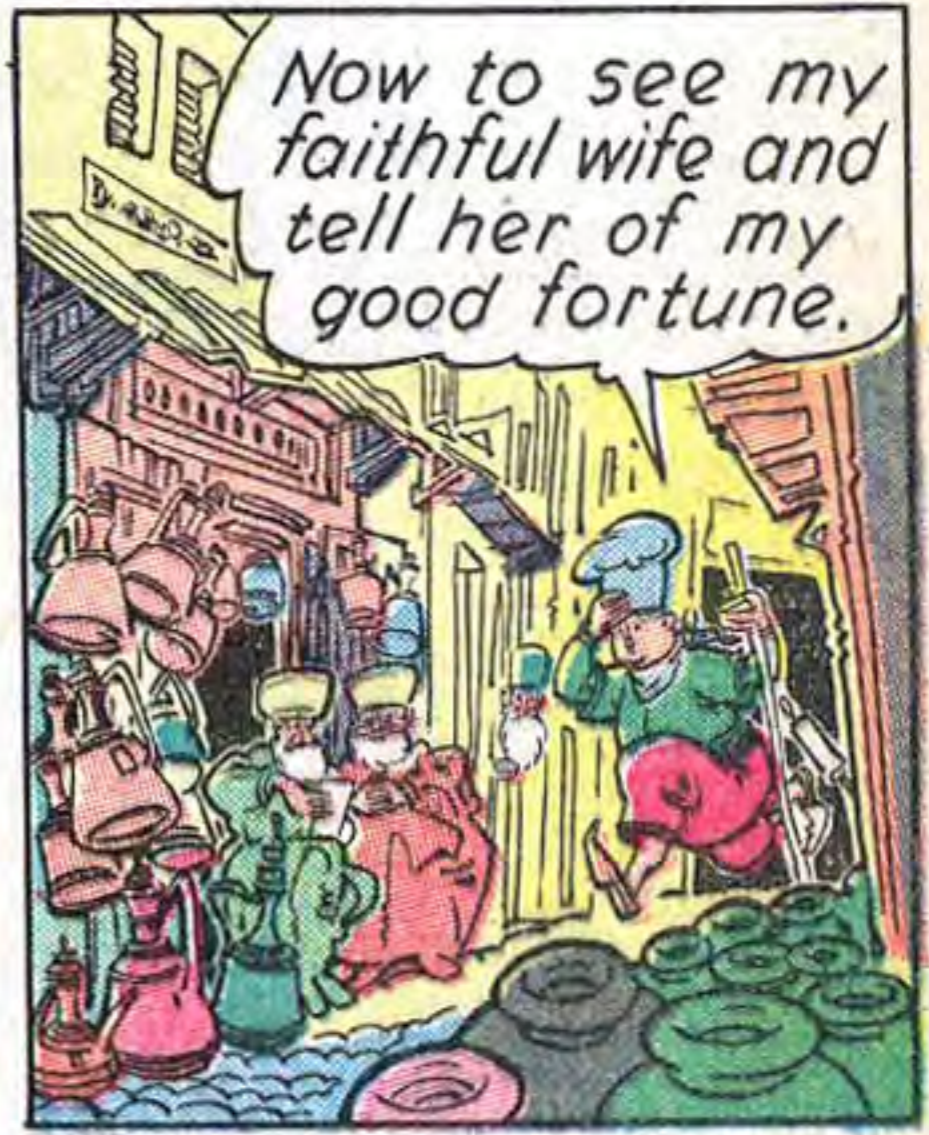


Too bad! I can't sell it! 100 shops are a lot of shops!

At last he arrived in Basra.



Now to see my faithful wife and tell her of my good fortune.



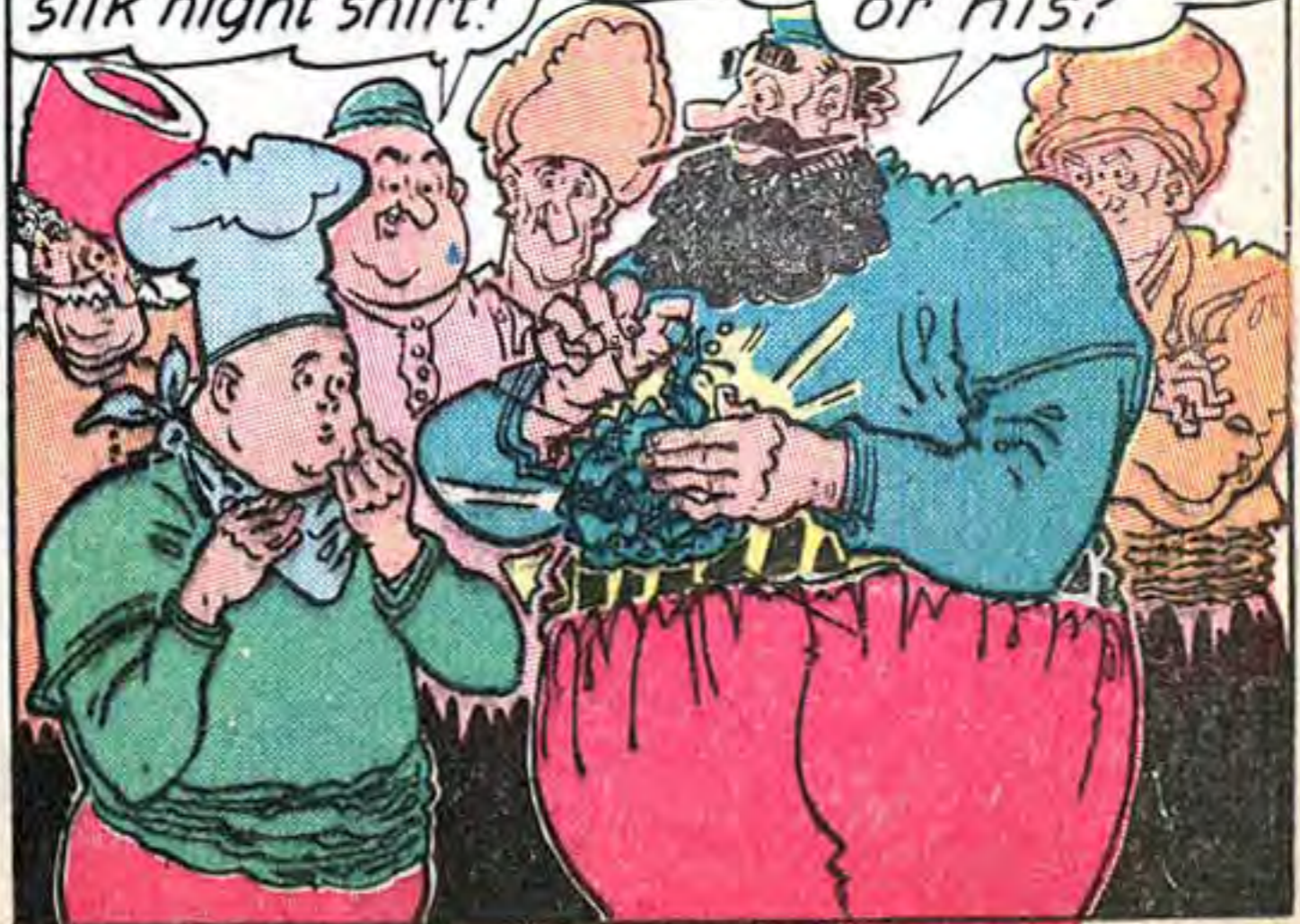
So Abdullah returned home to his wife, his mother and his seven brothers.



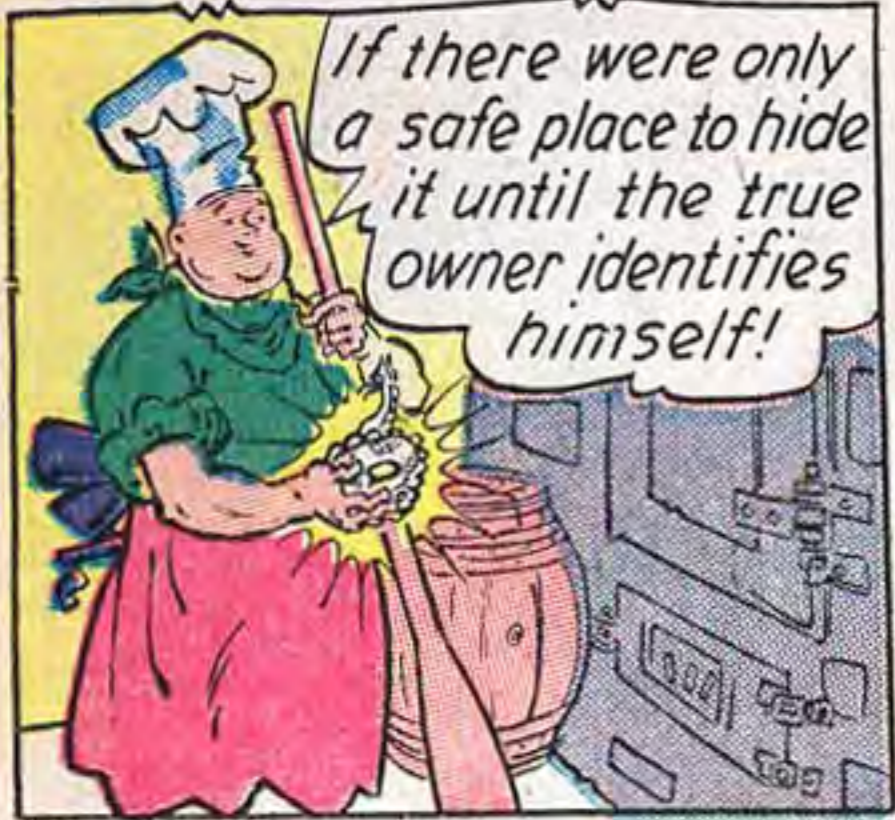
Look, Amina! The emerald incense burner! The dream was true!

An incense burner, did you say?

Allah be praised! Look at the solid gold incense burner! Why, it must be worth a Sultan's silk night shirt! Let's sell it! Then we'll all be rich except Abdullah. Whose incense burner is it, anyway—ours or his?

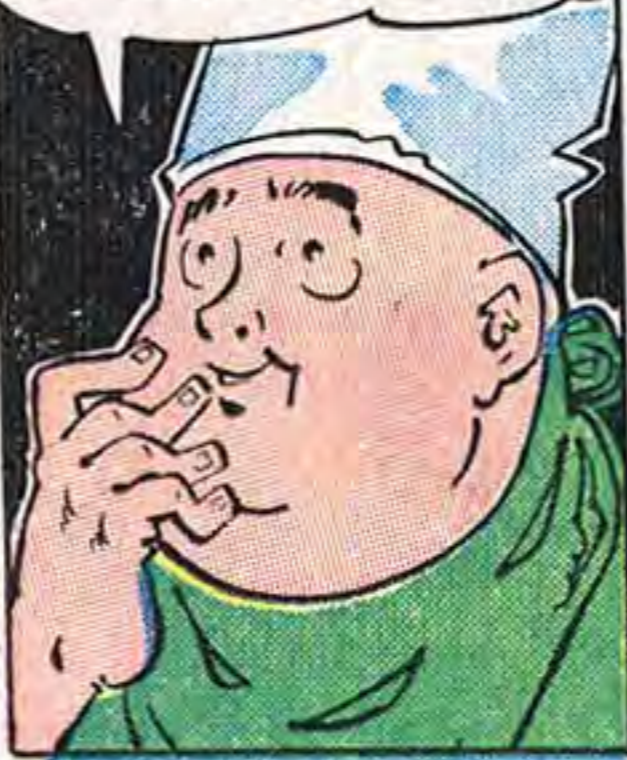


Overhearing his scheming brothers, Abdullah grows suspicious, and that night...



If there were only a safe place to hide it until the true owner identifies himself!

That's it! I'll bake it in some bread dough. Why didn't I think of that before?



And then I'll hide the loaf of bread on this highest shelf—like this!



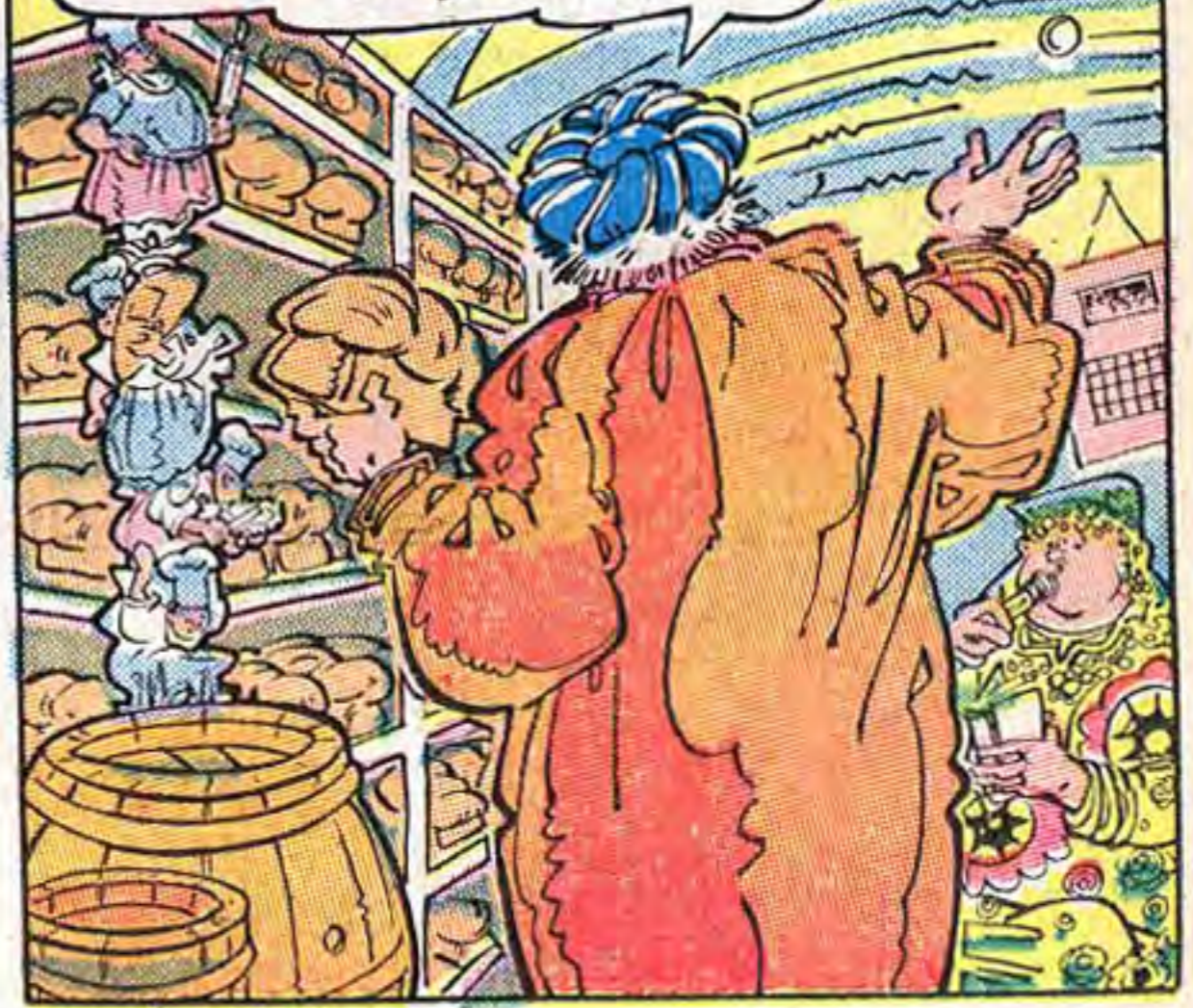
But several days later, while his mother was at the counter, a strange man came into the bakery.

No, madam, none of this bread is fresh enough for my delicate stomach to digest.

Then squeeze each of the loaves until you find a fresh one—which I doubt.



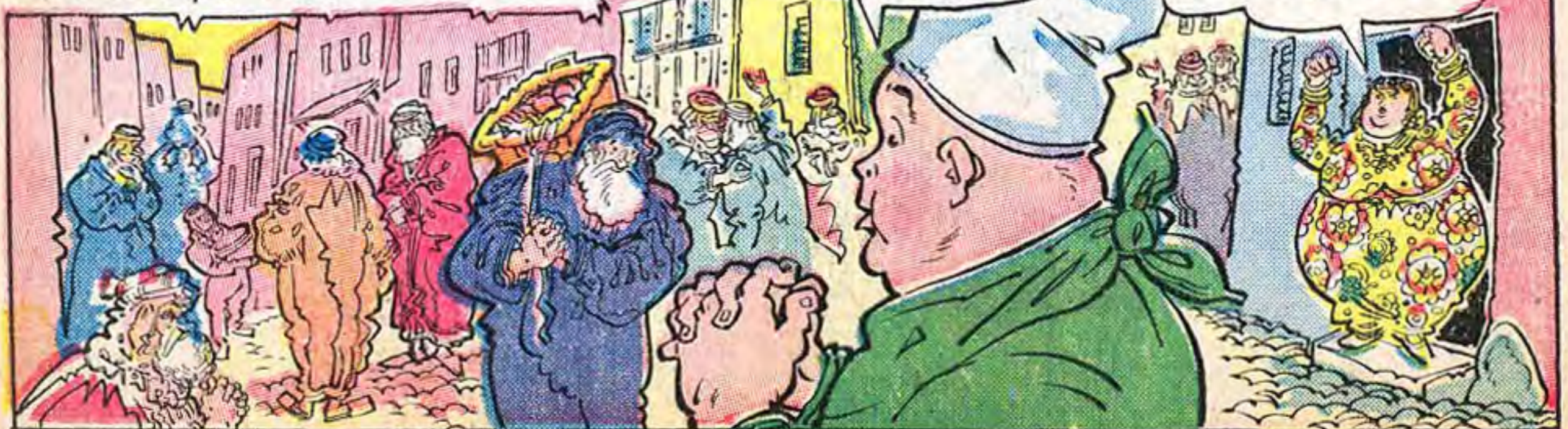
Ah! Oh, flower of beauty! I have found it—the freshest loaf of bread in the shop! 'Twas on that high shelf and here's a copper piece to show my gratitude!



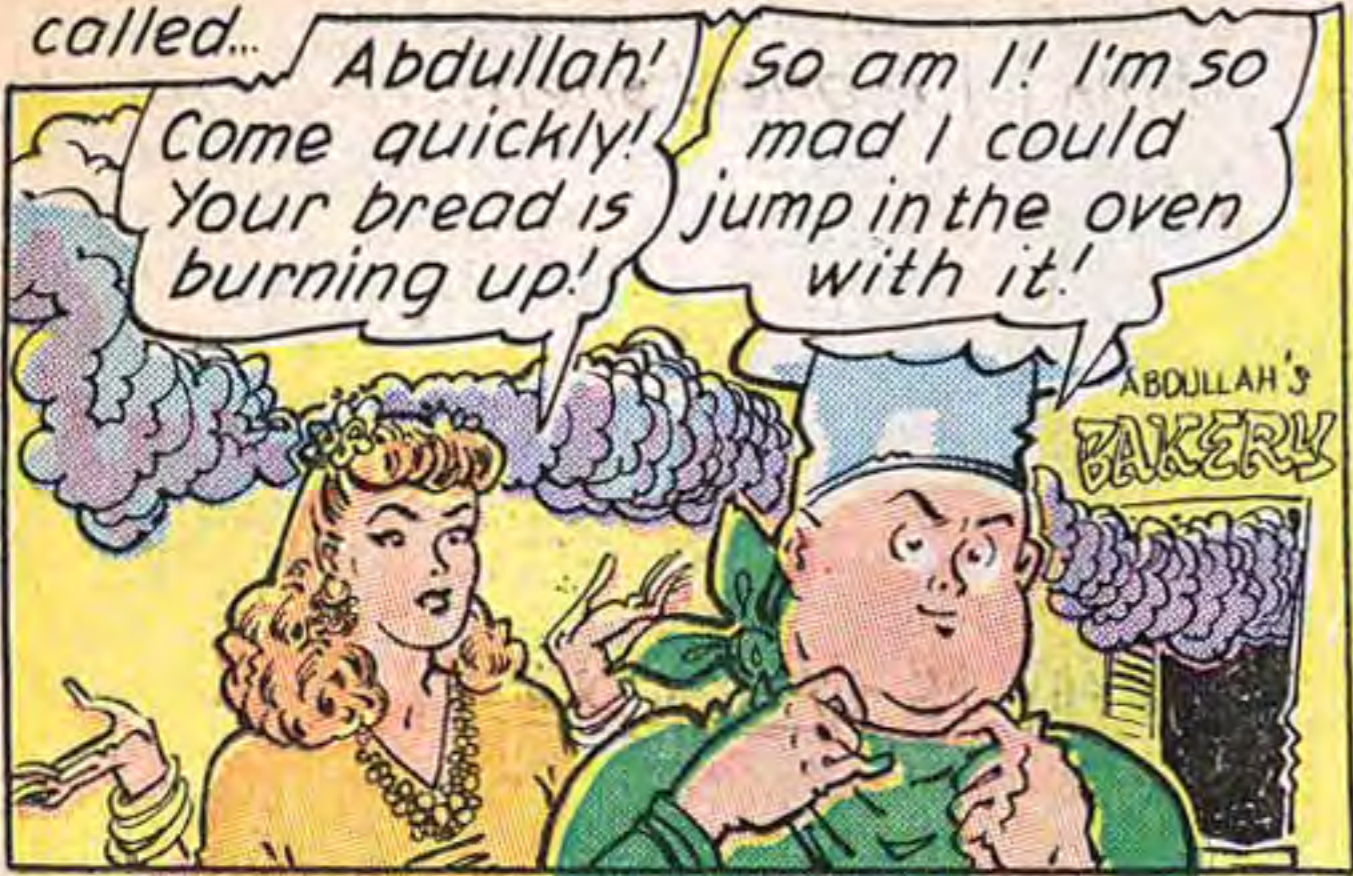
Abdullah's mother soon told him about the strange customer... Afterward he crept to the highest shelf and saw what had happened... He raced out of his shop, but too late!

Gone! The incense burner is gone, and so is the thief!

Abdullah! Get back to work! Do you wish your seven brothers to starve?



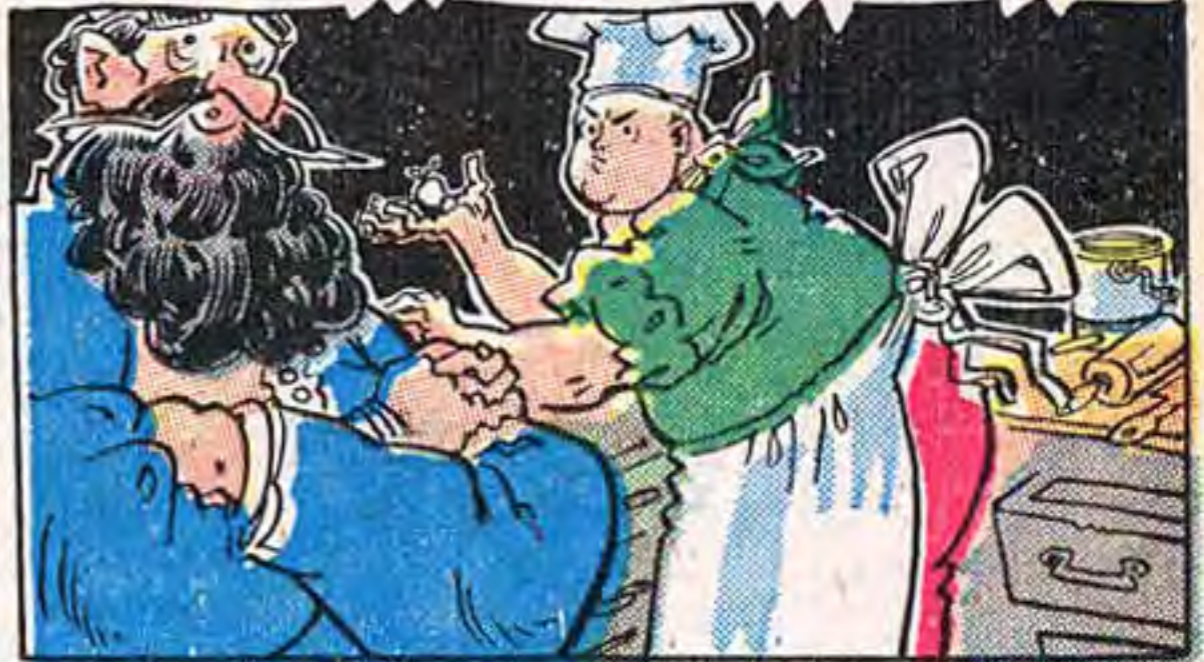
For several minutes Abdullah just stared down the empty street... Finally his wife called...



Abdullah! Come quickly! Your bread is burning up!

So am I! I'm so mad I could jump in the oven with it!

However, his mood soon changed and he once more became his carefree self... Except when his brothers annoyed him by putting strawberries in his apple turnovers.



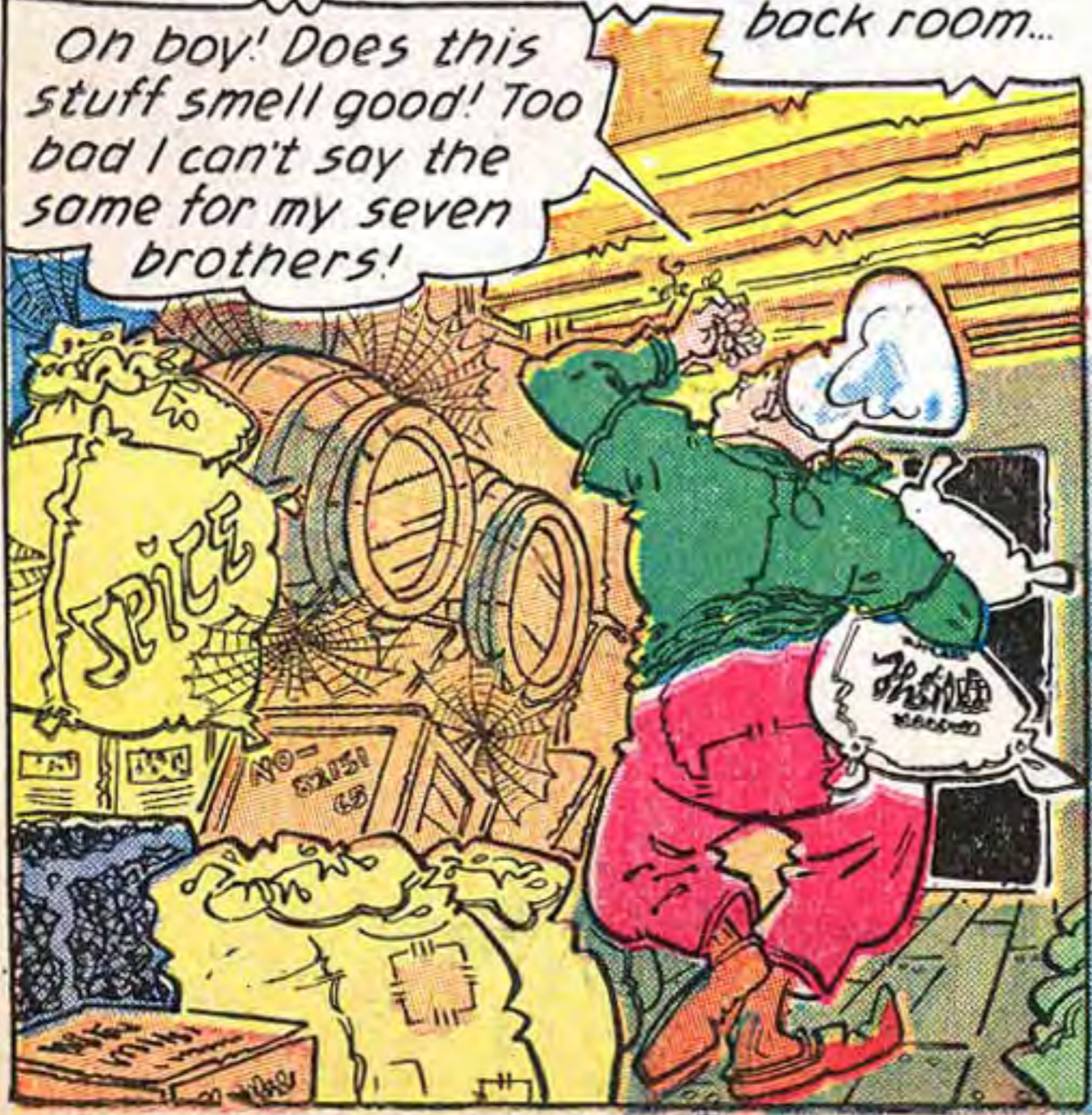
One day he received an order for a sack of flour, and set out to deliver it.



But while making his way through the crowded bazaar a glint of light coming from a musty spice shop caught his eye.



Abdullah edged his way inside, found no one in sight, and made his way over the bales of herbs and spices to the shop's back room...



And found the disguised merchant with Abdullah's emerald incense burner. Vast clouds of wierd shaped vapor rose and formed fantastic patterns.





I wish to see, oh  
thousand eyes of  
the future, the  
boat of my brother  
on the Red Sea!



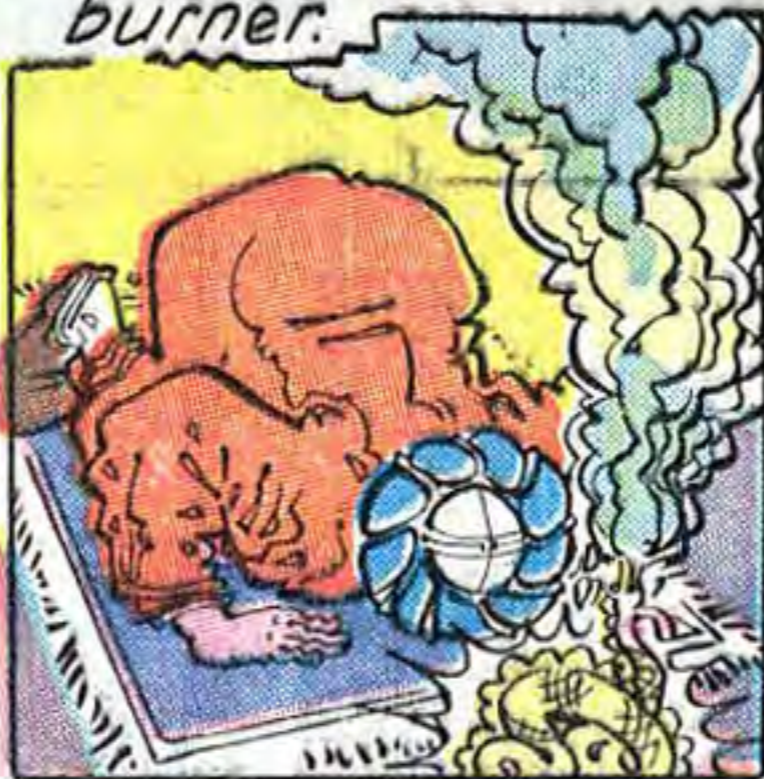
And in an instant—lo! The boat, the sea and  
sky appear as real... And sailors walk  
about on deck...



The vision lasted for  
several minutes—then  
it faded...



Again the merchant  
bowed before the  
burner.



Oh enchanted jewel of  
light, show me the mar-  
ket section of Baghdad!



And the vapor formed as it was bidden.



And now, oh enchanted one, a list  
of the future-market prices... so I  
may know what to buy up, and  
sell at at a tremendous profit—  
in fact, to own the world!



What form of madness is this, anyway? I see right away he isn't the true owner, but how can I get the emerald incense burner back?



Hmm, let me think!



I have it! The sack of flour!



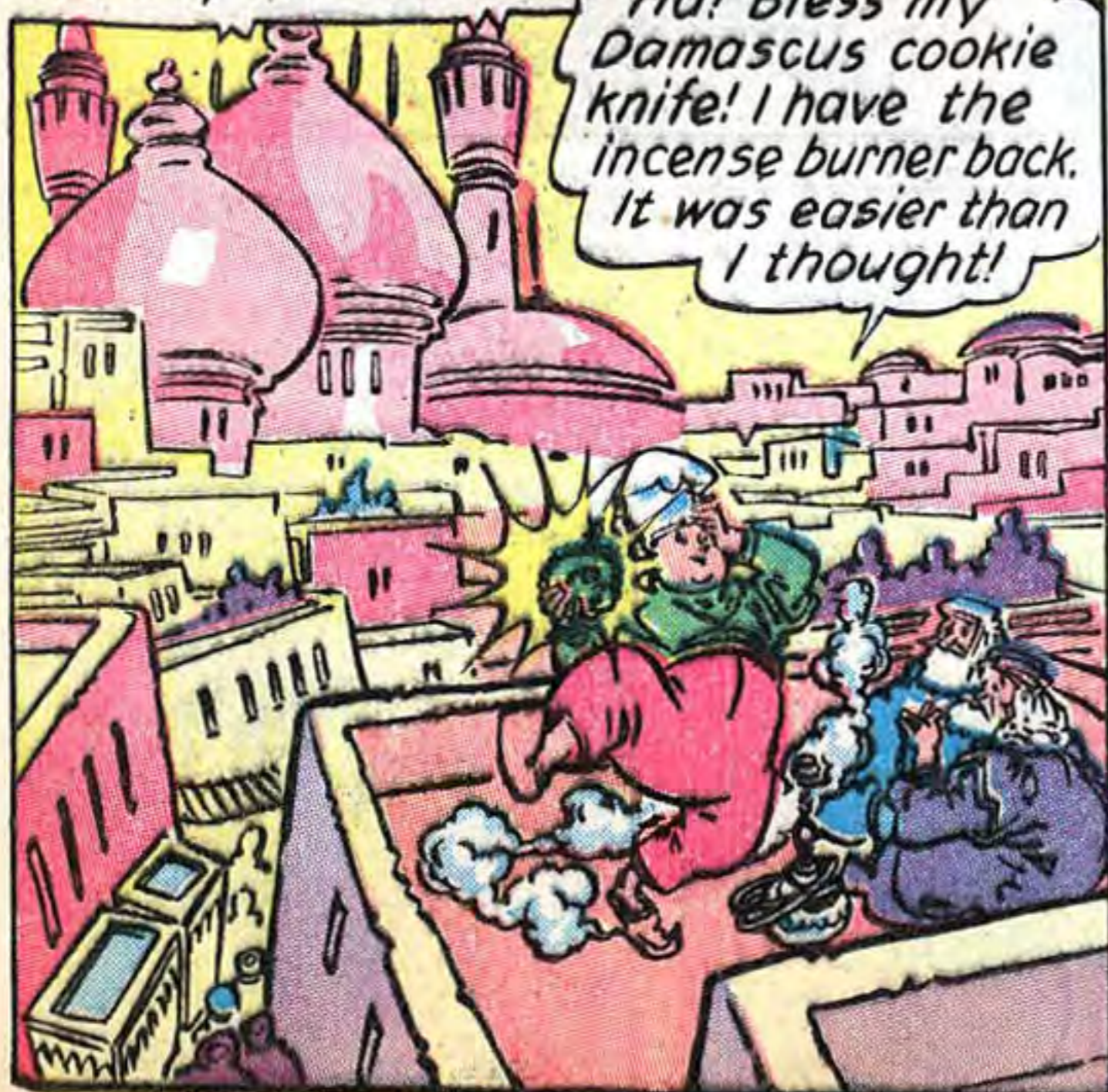
Quickly Abdullah slit open the sack and began to twirl it about.



My eyes... I can't see... The flour she is blinding me!

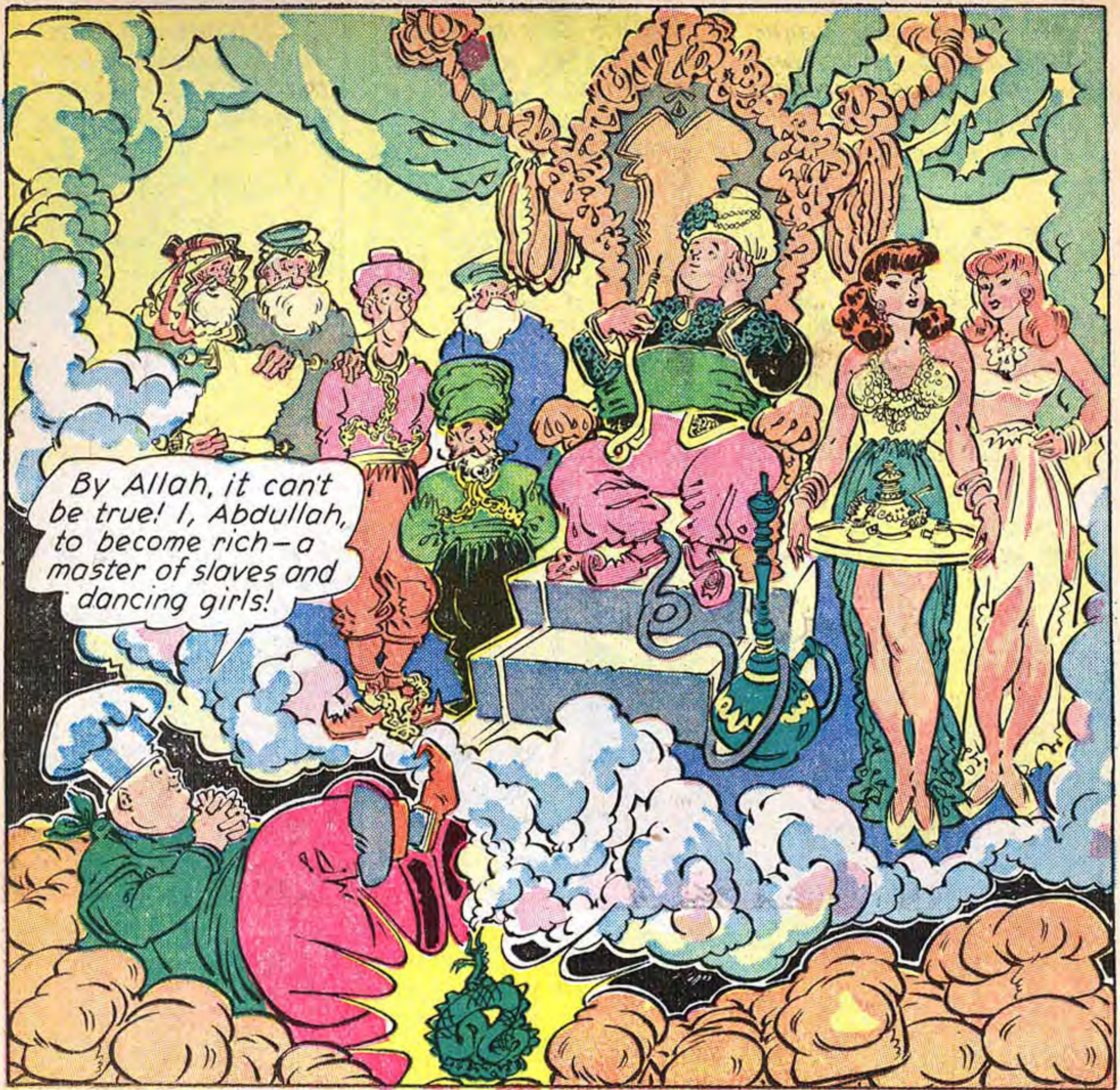


Abdullah darted from the shop, and climbed to the rooftops where he made his way back home.



Abdullah rushed to his bakeshop and that night while his 3,000 loaves of bread are cooling....





By Allah, it can't be true! I, Abdullah, to become rich—a master of slaves and dancing girls!



Hey, you! Wake up, you're under arrest!

Huh!



Yes, he is the thief! He stole my incense burner.

But I—  
Quiet!

So Abdullah was dragged off by the police and ushered in front of the Kadi to decide his sentence.



You see before you, oh Kadi, a worthless baker who dares to steal from this poor, honest merchant his only incense burner!

True!



But I never stole anything. I-I-I-

Quiet, you plague to humanity! Thieves get no mercy!



Oh Kadi, I know you are a righteous and honest judge but if you send that cur to prison, this bag of gold is yours.

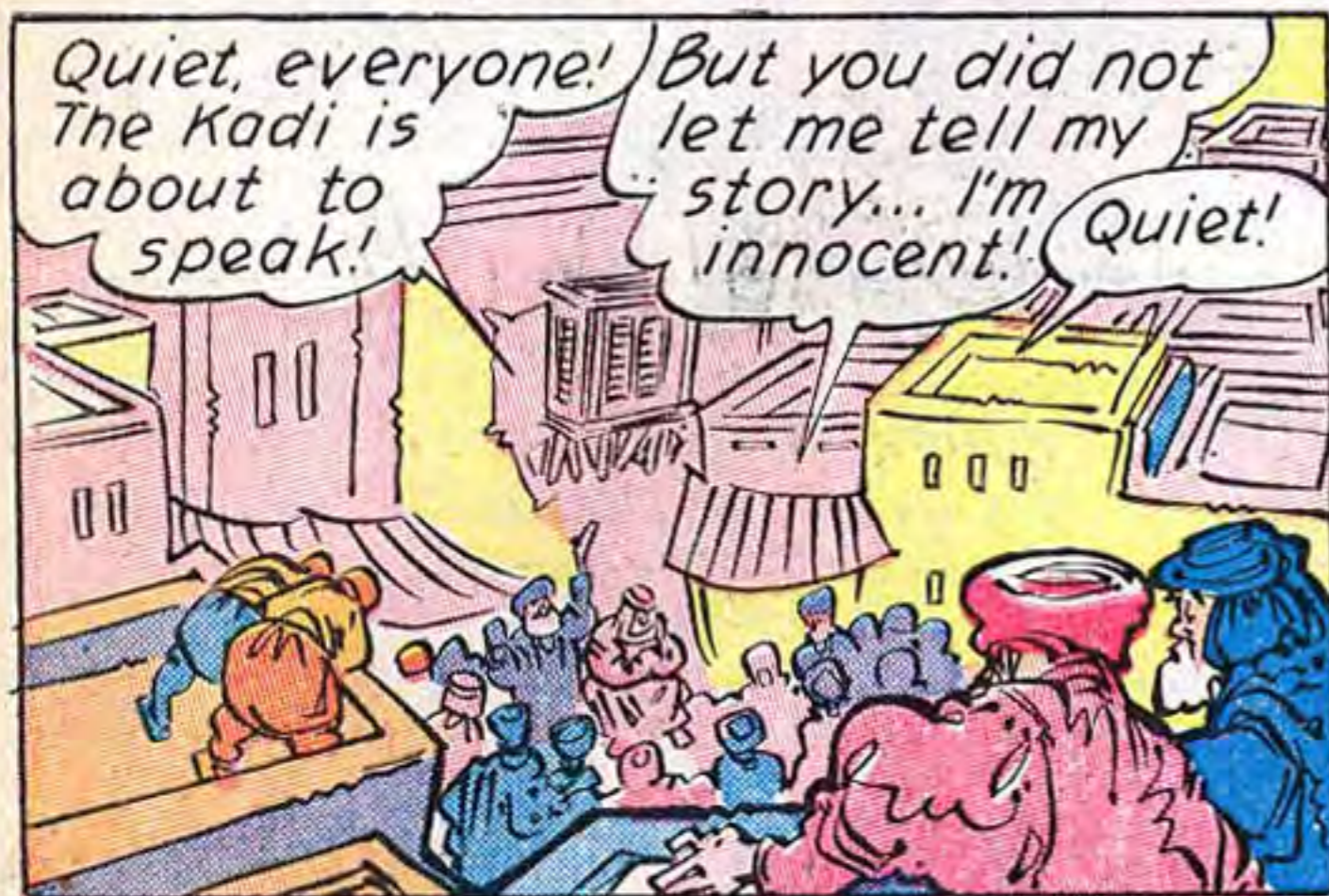
Agreed!



Quiet, everyone! The Kadi is about to speak!

But you did not let me tell my story... I'm innocent!

Quiet!



Having heard both sides of the case and weighing well both arguments, and being known for my fairness—



Every Arab in the marketplace is in hushed silence as the Kadi prepares his fatal decision.

The baker is guilty! And will spend the rest of his life in chains, in the stone quarry!

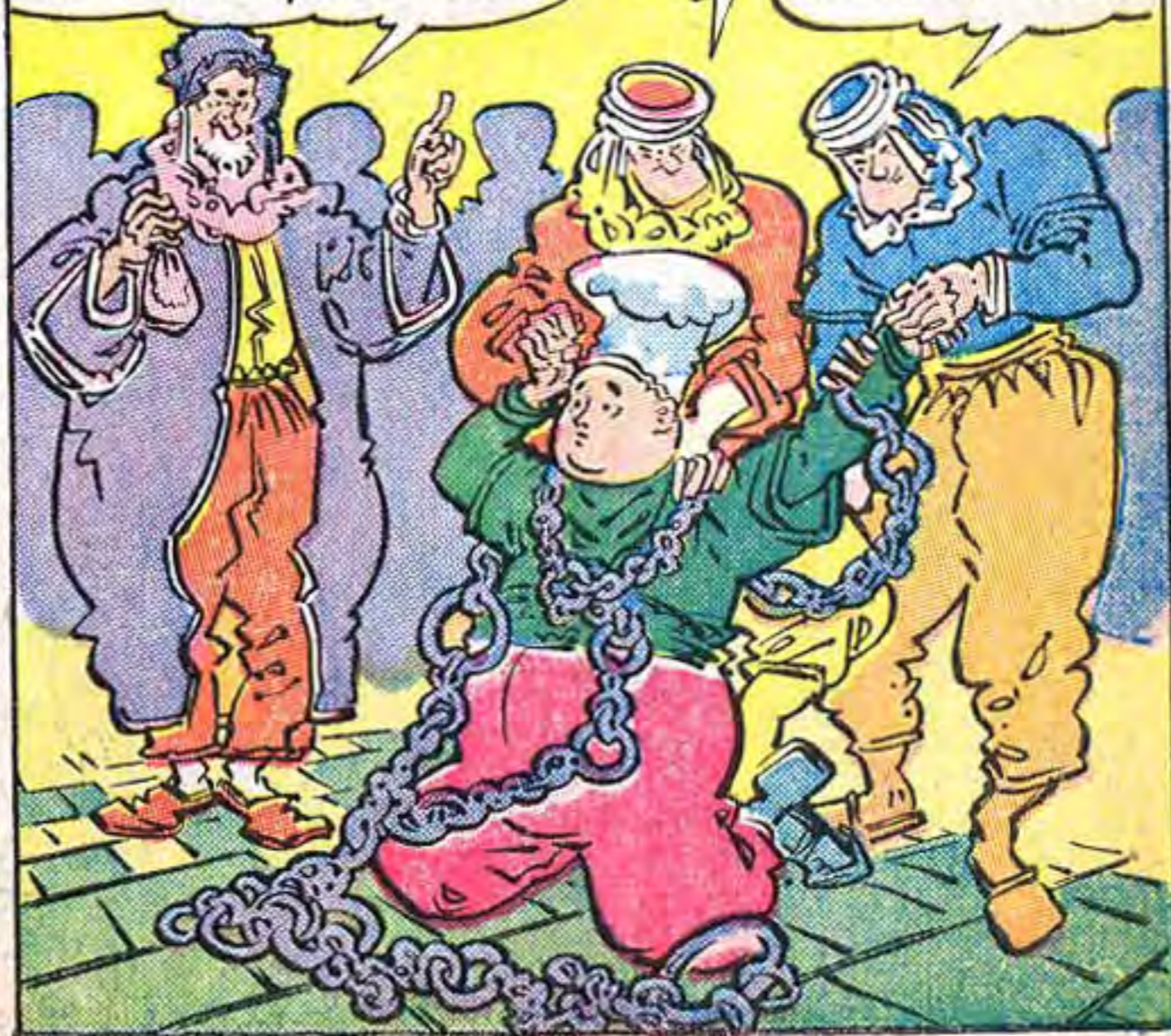
Allah have mercy on me! I stole nothing!



Call the blacksmith and fit them on well... He leaves at once for the quarries.

But I-I-

Shut up! And put these chains on!



No sooner had the smithy riveted the last link when up ran a messenger.

Peace be with you, oh Kadi, for you and this court are commanded to appear before the Caliph of Cairo who visits our city!



And later, before the Caliph of Cairo—

My son, I recognized you immediately. Tell me why you are in irons.

But, your Highness, he is a thief. He stole the incense burner!



This emerald incense burner is mine. Months ago, I dreamt of a hermit who told me a baker would find it for me...



Since this merchant lies and this Kadi did not give justice, they shall pay the penalty.



To the stone quarry with them! They are to cut the stone for Abdullah's palace.



Citizens of Basra, behold your new Governor—**HONEST ABDULLAH!** He will rule you wisely and justly!

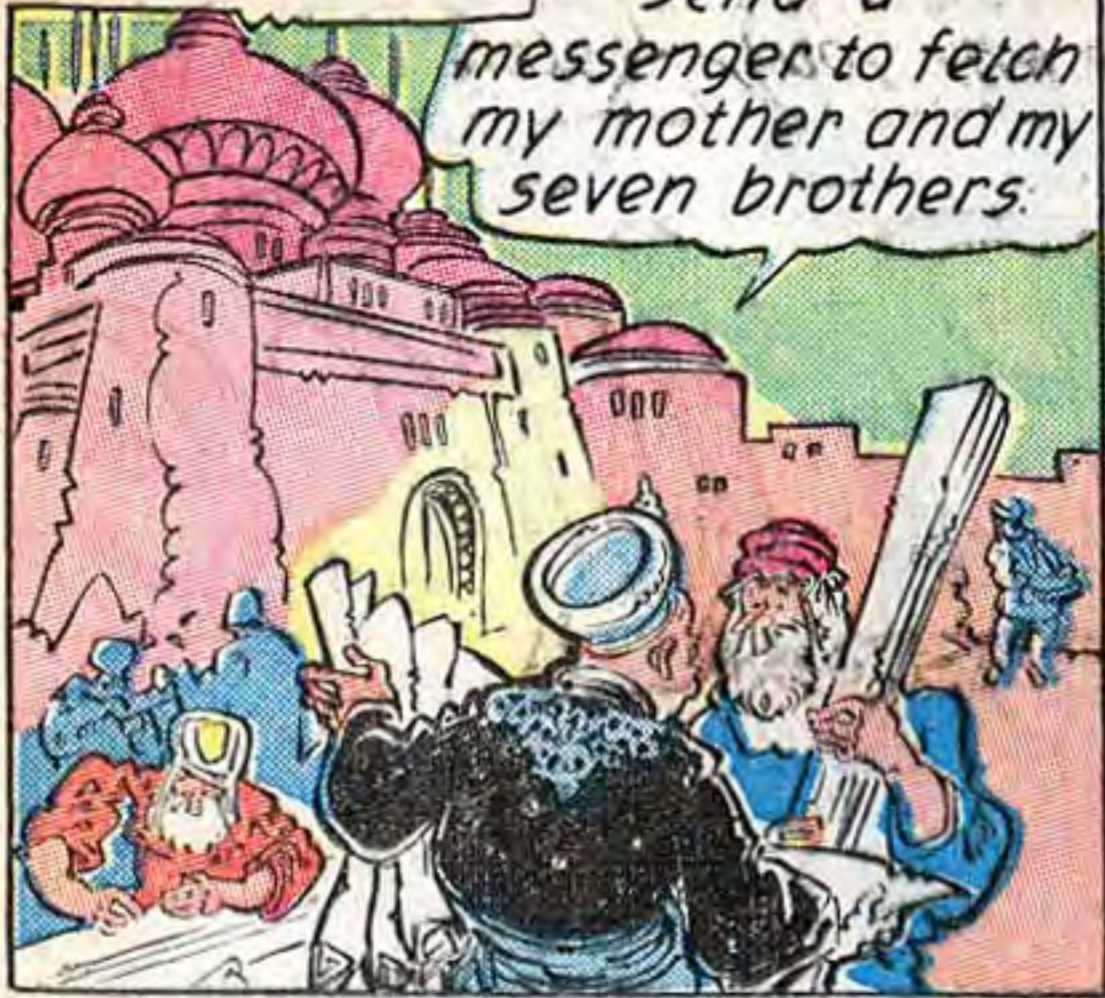


Forewell, Abdullah! Your generosity overwhelms me! May Allah never have been returned to me!



When Abdullah's palace was completed it was the wonder of all Basra...

Send a messenger to fetch my mother and my seven brothers.



The Governor of Basra is sending for you.

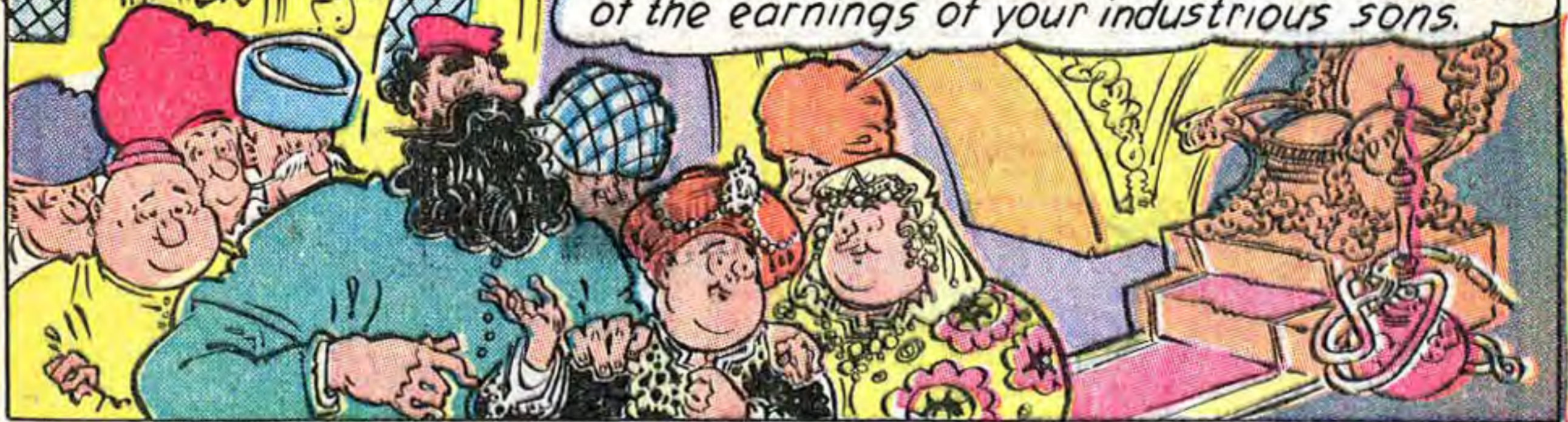
I'll bet he wants to make me Chief of Police!

My dear son! I knew he would not forget us! With Abdullah on the throne we shall own all of Basra!



Beloved brother! As always we are thy faithful servants! We are ready to help you!

I knew you would! You all shall become rich and prosperous! You have watched me long enough to have learned the art of baking. I will enlarge your kitchen a hundred fold. Think of it, brothers! You will each be able to bake a thousand loaves of bread a day! And you, dear mother, will receive one-seventh of the earnings of your industrious sons.



Had I not followed the hermit's advice I'd still be working for my mother and my seven lazy brothers! Allah Akbar! I hope the incense burner does as much for the Caliph as it did for me!

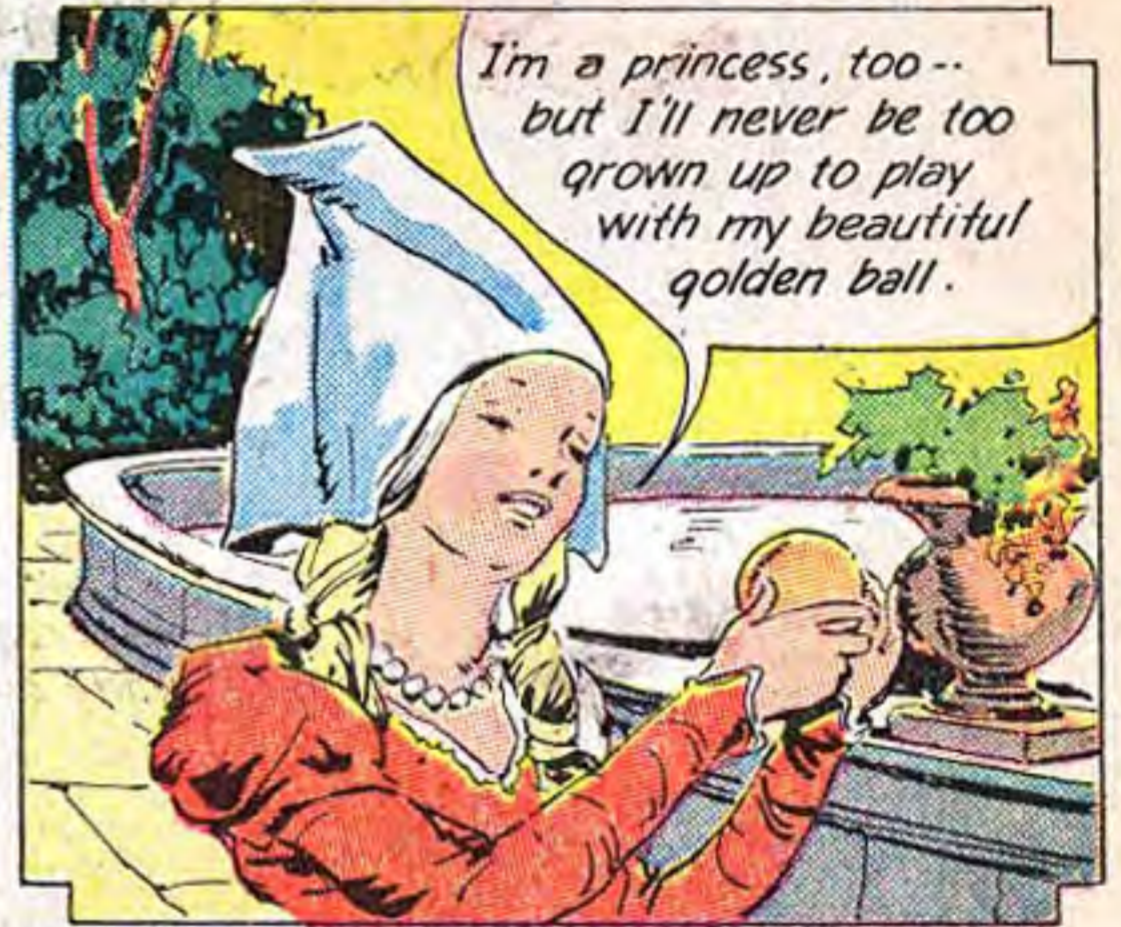
For the rest of his life Abdullah was happy and contented ruling Basra wisely and well.



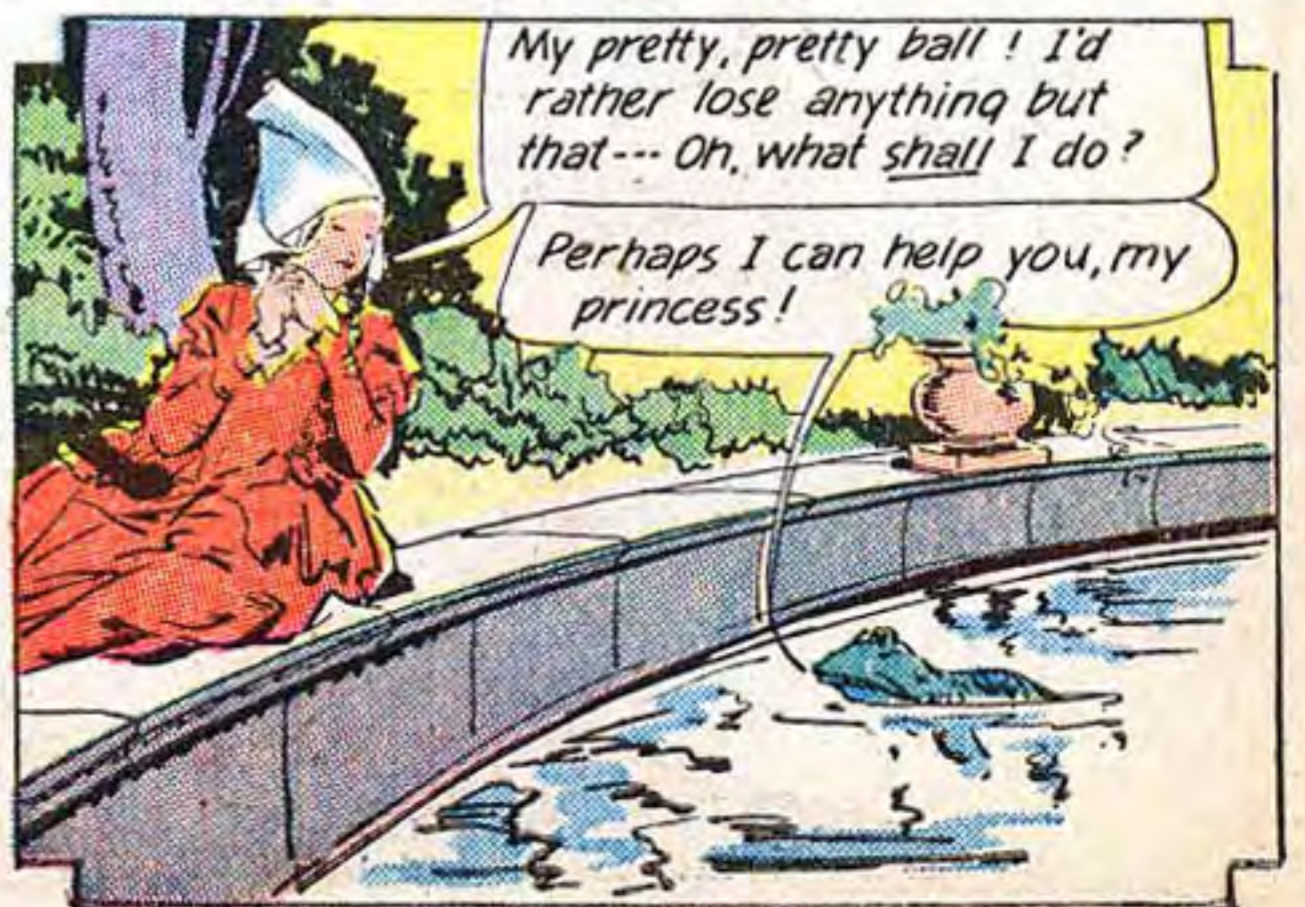
# The Frog Prince



One summer day four lovely princesses were taking their ease in the garden.



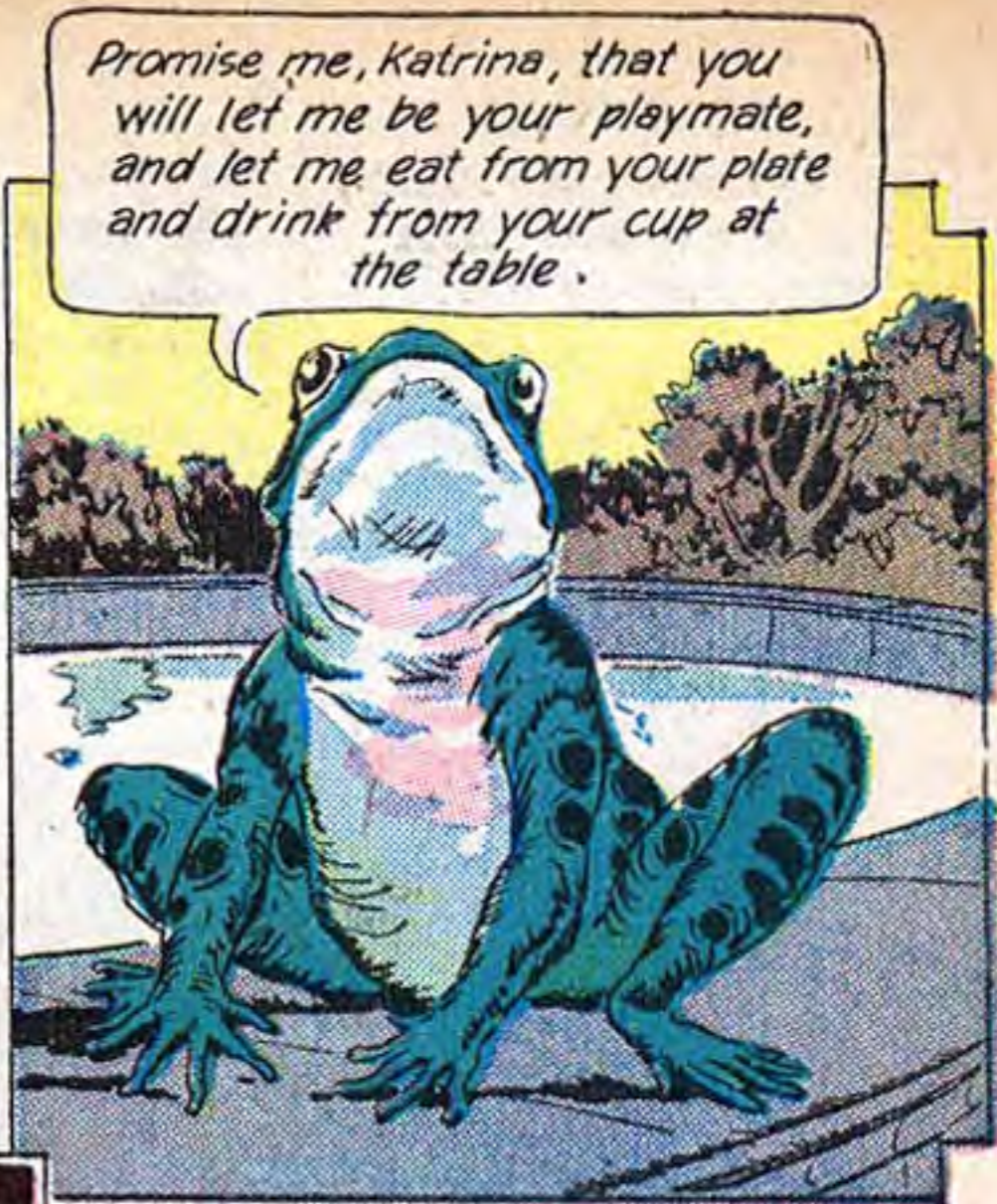
Running after her ball, Katrina wanders away from the palace



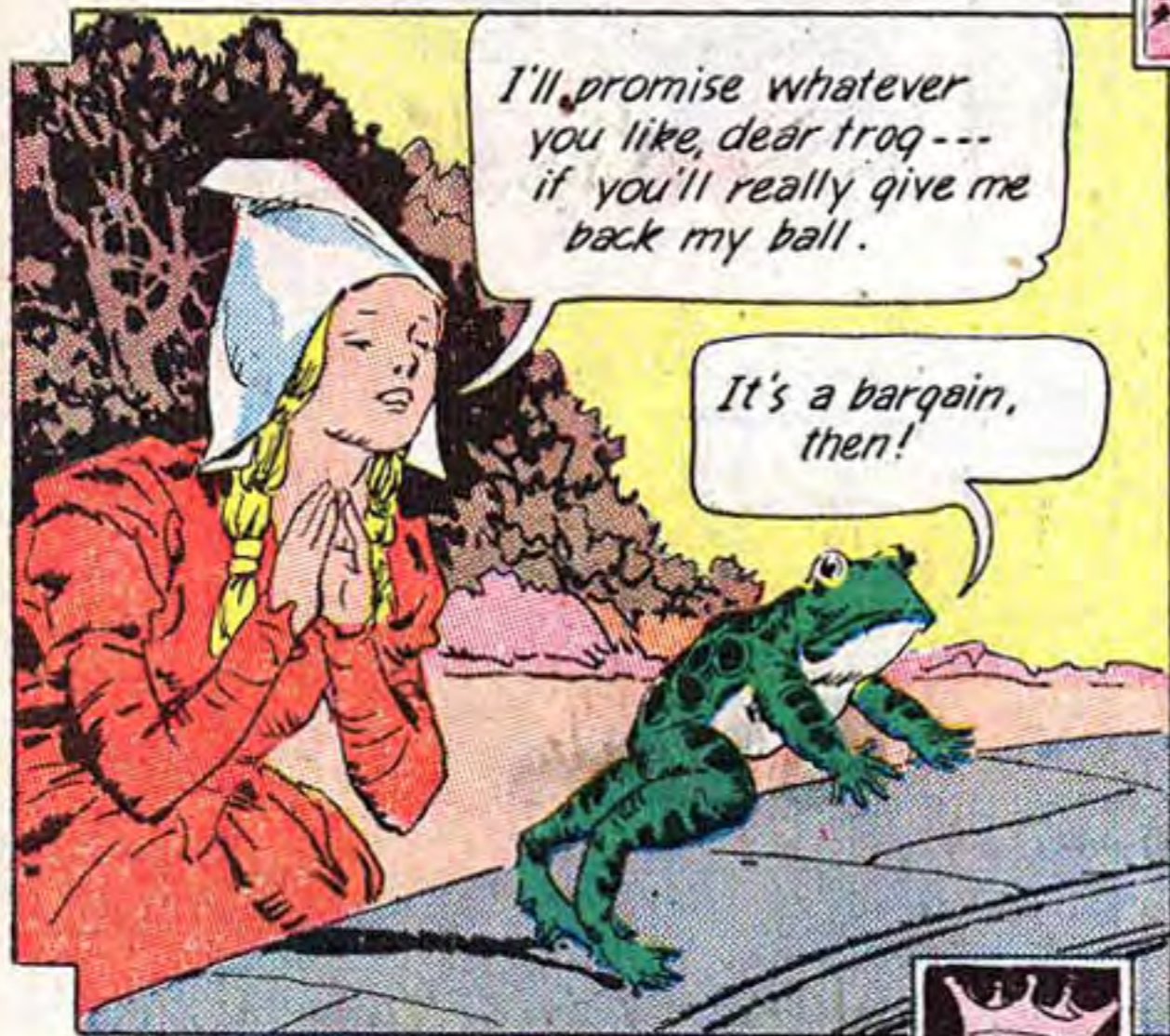


UGH! A wet slimy frog! It couldn't have been HE who spoke to me!

But it was I who spoke-- I will bring your golden ball up from the bottom if you will agree to one thing.

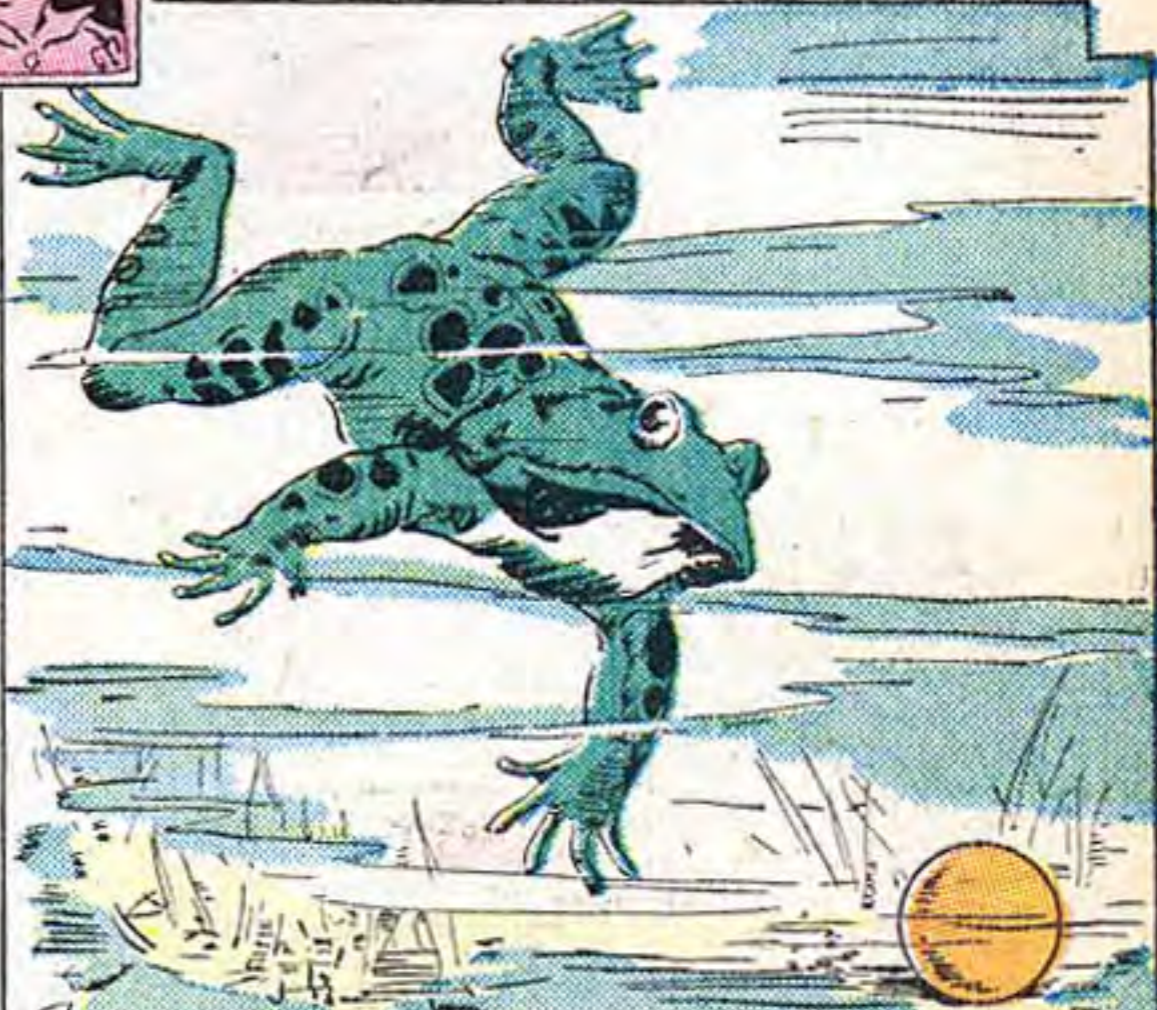


Promise me, Katrina, that you will let me be your playmate, and let me eat from your plate and drink from your cup at the table.



I'll promise whatever you like, dear frog--- if you'll really give me back my ball.

It's a bargain, then!

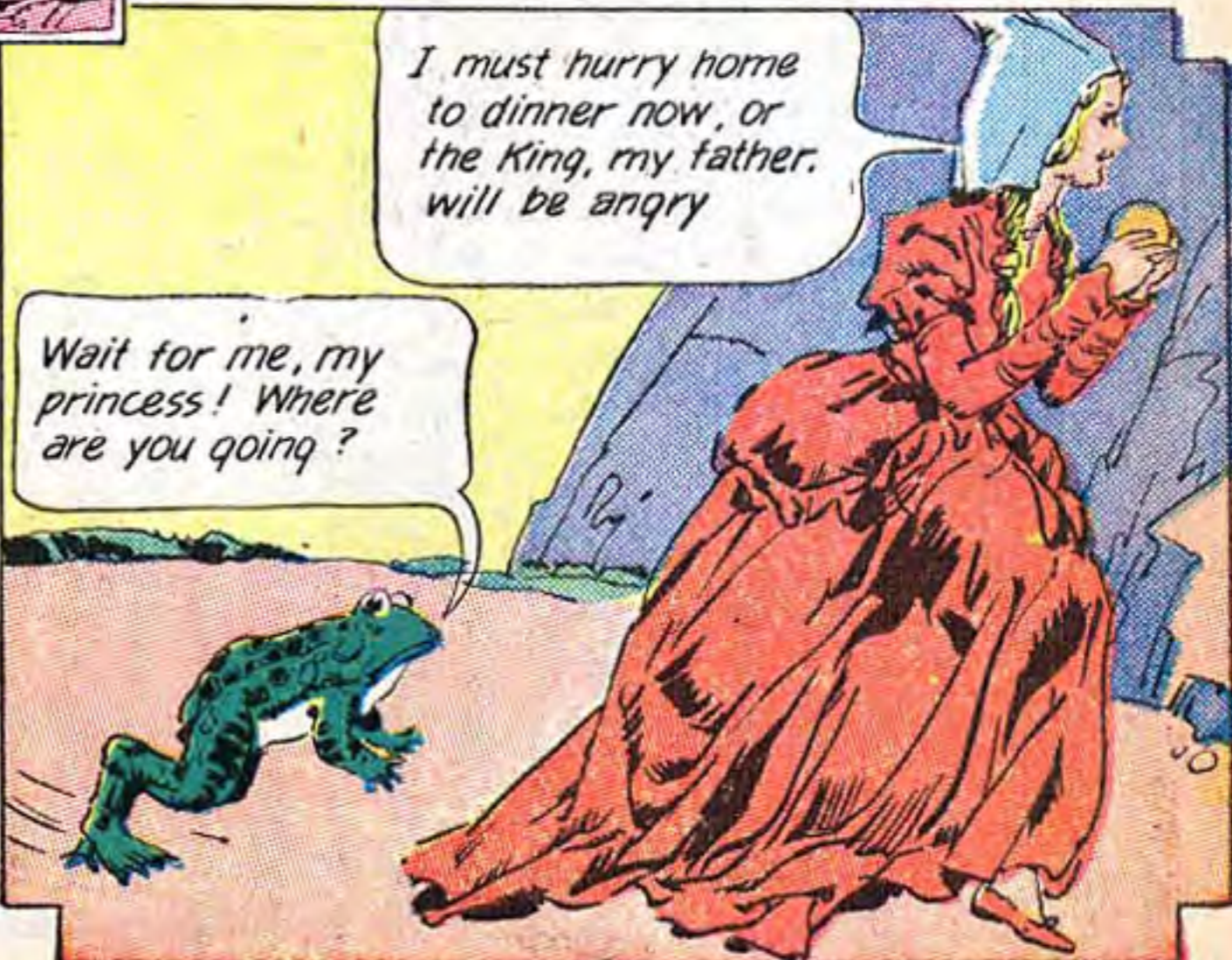


In the pool's deepest part lies the gleaming golden ball.



Puff--puff! Here it is, my princess! It's a--puff--puff--heavy lift for a little fellow like me!

Oh, thank you, dear frog-- thank you with all my heart!



I must hurry home to dinner now, or the King, my father, will be angry.

Wait for me, my princess! Where are you going?





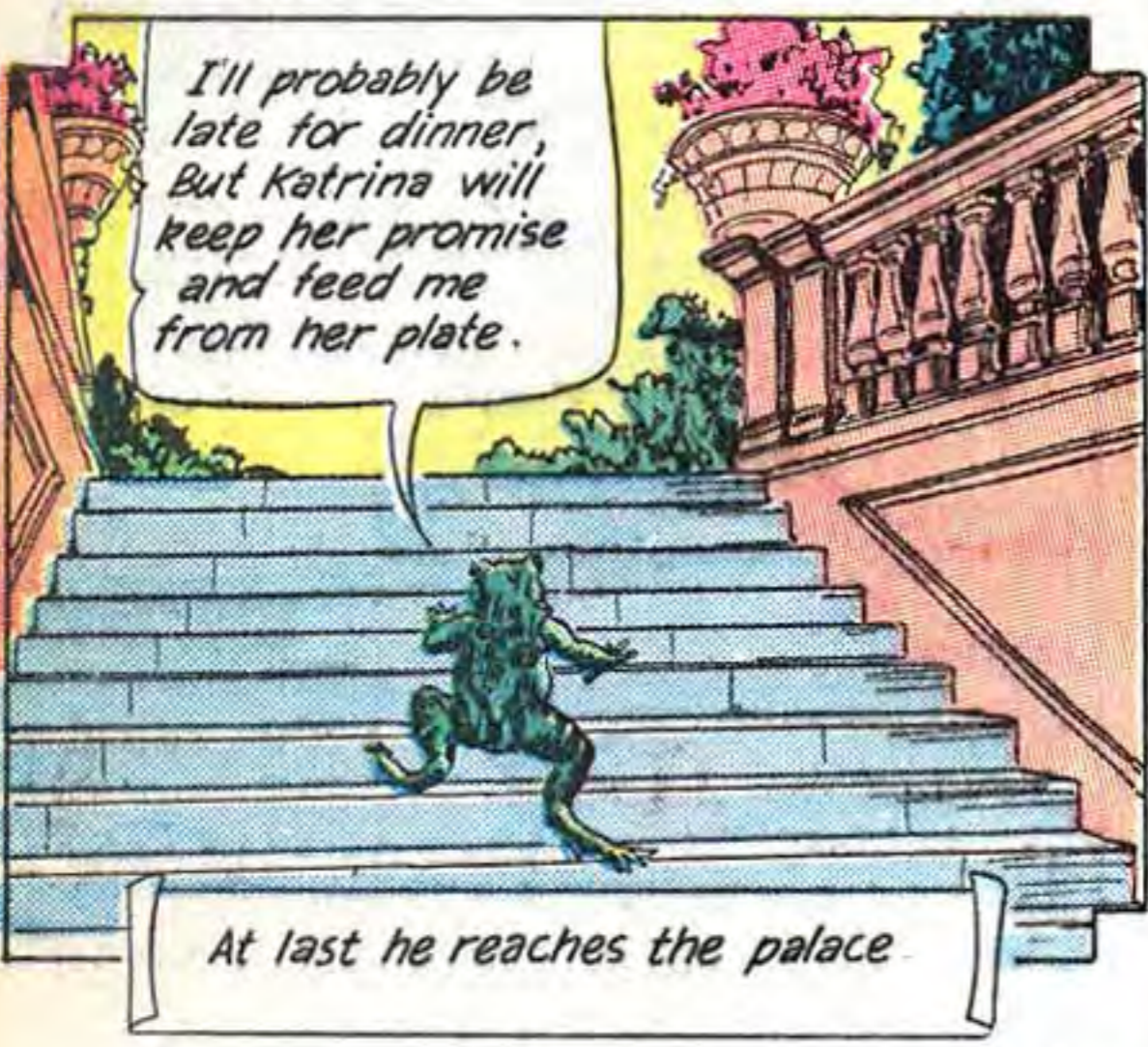
I can't jump over logs like Katrina-- I'd better take the road.

Left far behind, the poor frog follows as best he can.



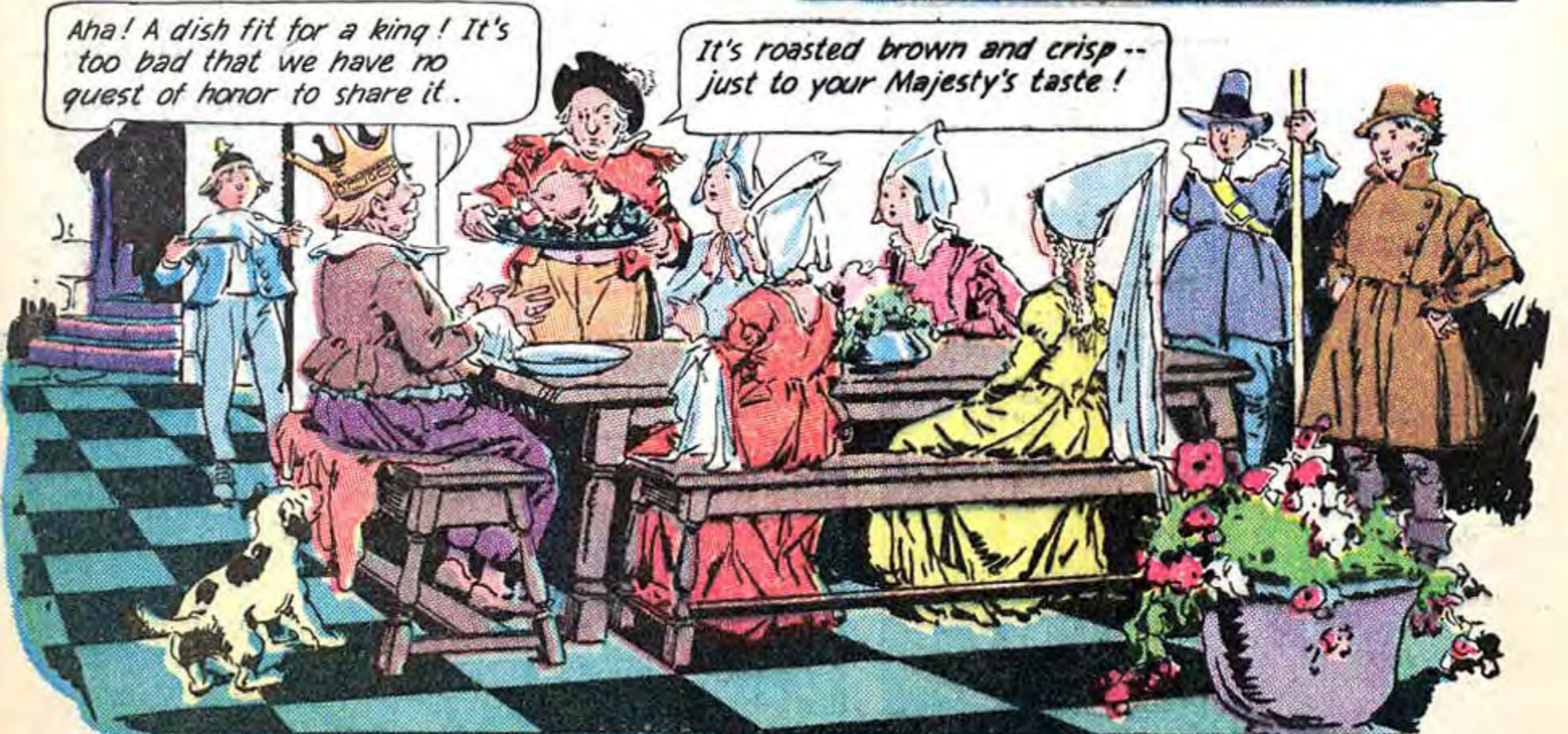
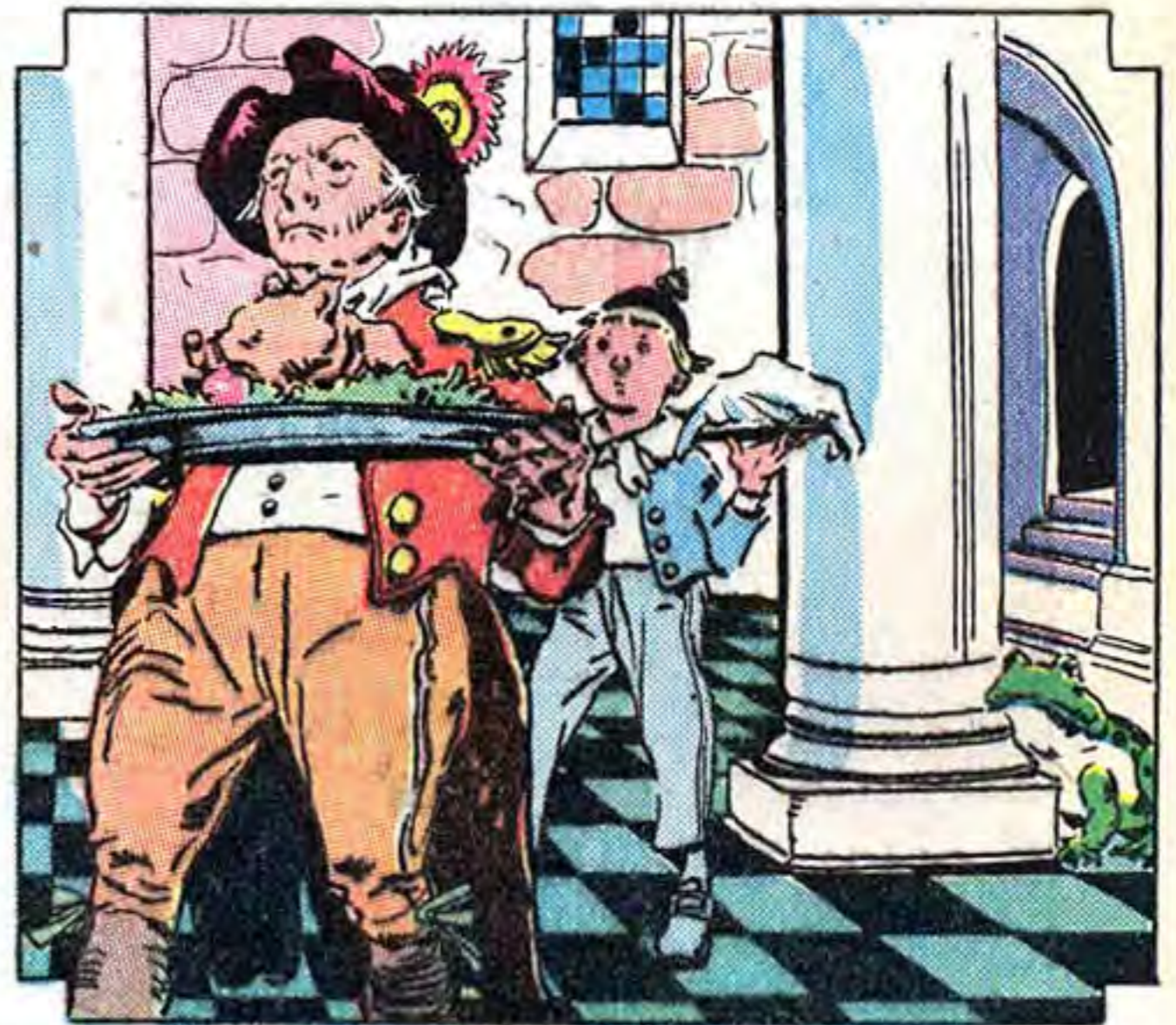
Dear me! That was a close call!

On the road he makes better speed-- at the risk of his life.



I'll probably be late for dinner, But Katrina will keep her promise and feed me from her plate.

At last he reaches the palace



Aha! A dish fit for a king! It's too bad that we have no quest of honor to share it.

It's roasted brown and crisp -- just to your Majesty's taste!

Katrina, my princess,  
Come, open to me!  
Remember thy promise  
My playmate to be.  
Come, let me sit down  
At the table with thee!

KNOCK--  
KNOCK--  
KNOCK!



Who is that knocking at  
the door, my daughter?  
You didn't tell me you  
had invited a guest!

It's only an old frog  
who pulled my bail  
out of the pool. I  
never thought he'd  
take my promise  
seriously!



A promise is sacred  
whether you make it to  
a frog or to a prince--Let  
him in, Katrina!



Oh! Why did  
I ever make  
such a  
promise?

Katrina, my darling,  
Come, open the  
door---



Oh, I suppose so-- but don't  
come too near my nice, clean  
dress!

...and now I'll be  
near you, my love,  
evermore!



A silk cushion!  
Now, that is  
real  
hospitality!



At the King's command, a servant  
brings an embroidered cushion.

Father, do I have to feed the creature? He's spoiled my appetite already.

You must do as you promised- and let him drink from your cup, too.



I'll never want to drink from this cup again! UGH!

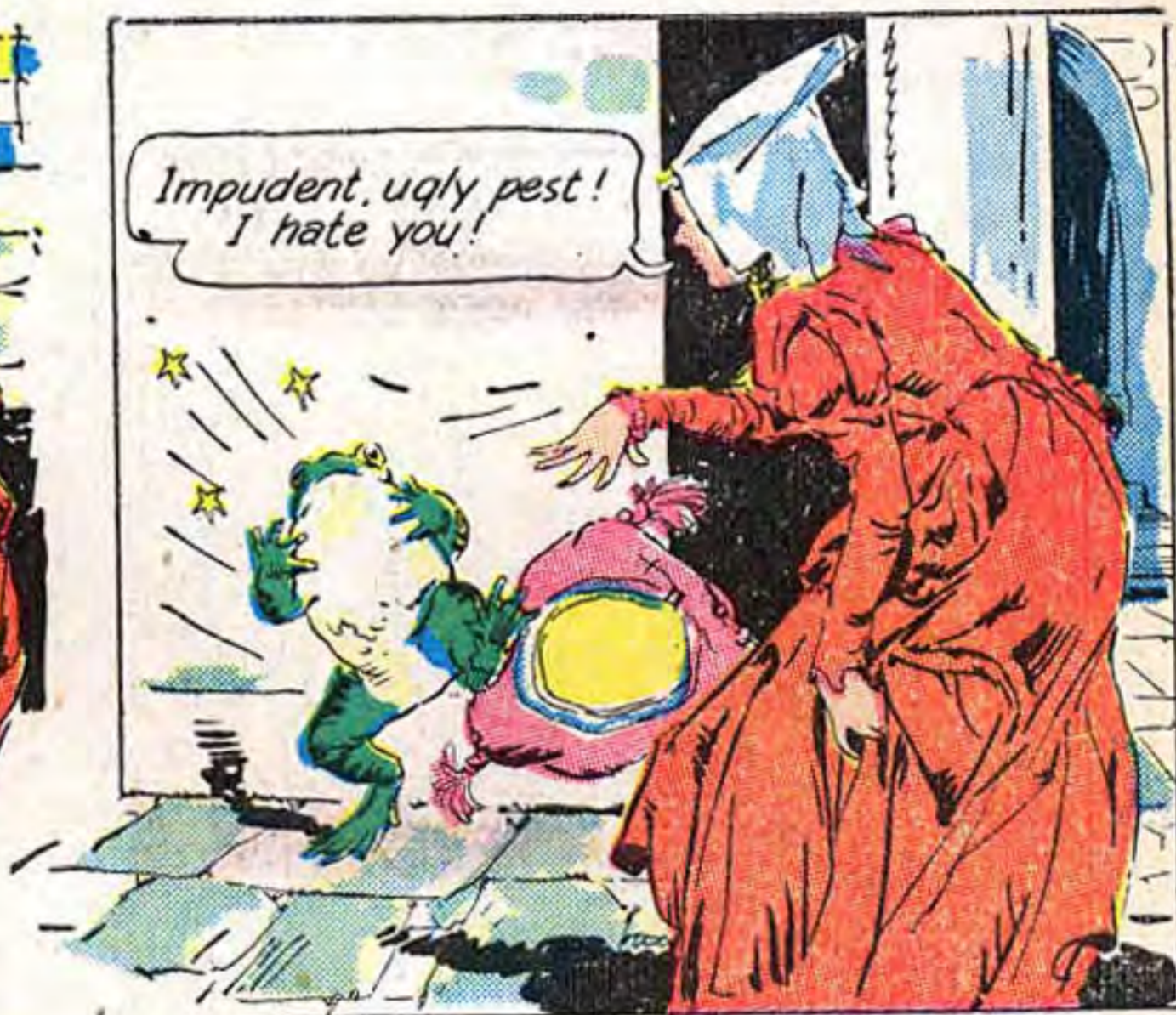


Thank you, dear play-mate! Now will you please put me in your bed? I'm sleepy after that good dinner.

What? Put a nasty wet frog in my clean bed?



Impudent, ugly pest! I hate you!



For shame, my Princess! Your hate has killed the poor frog in whose form I have lived under enchantment till this minute!



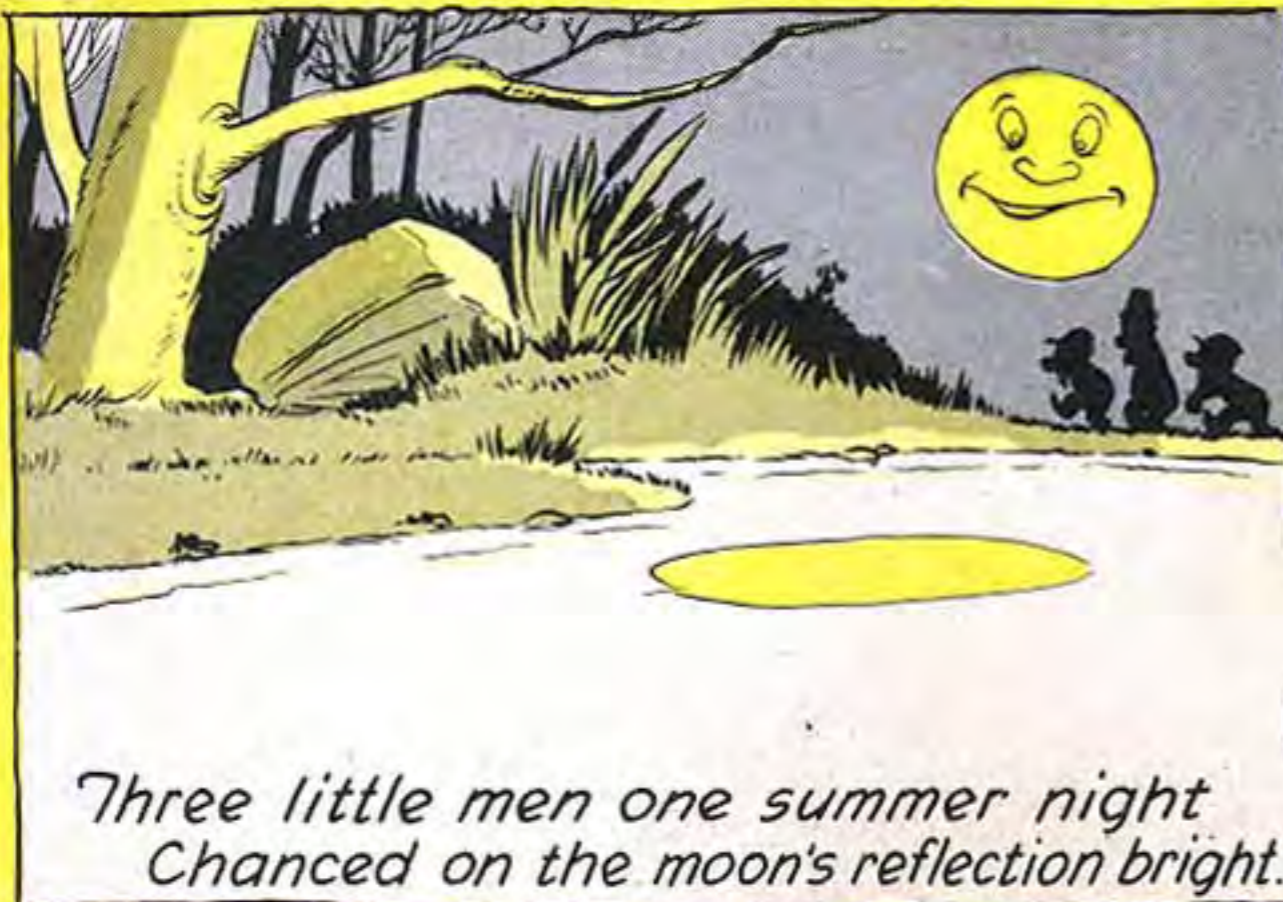
Can you ever forgive me?

I will forgive you; Katrina, If you will consent to be my bride- For I am a King in my own right.

Take her, son,- with my royal blessing- may you both be happy as long as you live!



Under Katrina's eyes the frog becomes a handsome young prince.



Three little men one summer night  
Chanced on the moon's reflection bright.



"It's gold!" They cried, the words rang out,  
Their whispers rising to a shout.



"We'll make it ours," they all agreed  
And two set off at lightning speed



When they returned to join the one,  
They felt the job was almost done



Then carefully, with measured pace,  
The three closed in upon the place,



And with a throw from each direction,  
They quickly smashed the moon's reflection.



And though they grabbed at each bright spot,  
Their gold was very simply not.



The moon could not suppress a grin  
For they were "out" and he was "in!"



Tom Titt and his henchmen  
It seems went aground,



And while they were working  
Ted Turtle dropped round



"What this needs is headwork,"  
He said, switching ends,



And, diving back  
under,  
He rescued his  
friends.